

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 27, 1989

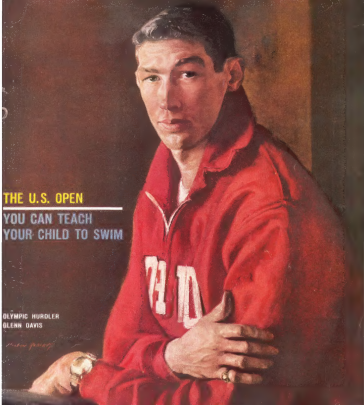
America's National Sports Weekly

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Cuzco Indians wear their hats two ways—like a salad bowl in sunshine—like an umbrella in rainfall. They wear their costumes daily.



Cover: Glenn Davis ▶

The collegians had their day at the NCAA track and field championships last weekend. Now they go against the veterans, like Olympic 400-meter hurdle champ Glenn Davis.

Painting by Martin Scheraga

Next week



▶ What's behind the daring action of the White Sox? Bill Veeck? More than just a clown, he is one of the most personable and lively characters enlivening baseball today.

▶ Tackling Editor Carleton Mitchell, trying for his third straight Bermuda race victory in his 55-foot yawl *Fishbone*, gives a report on the 435-mile ocean run to the south.

▶ Many years ago in Australia, Arthur Moore learned a secret, too he says, from the aborigines. What that secret is, and what it means to him, he reveals for the first time.

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THE BIG FIGHT



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BY BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF
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MEMO from the publisher

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's main claim to uniqueness is that it is a contemporary magazine. As such it reflects the revolution that has made sport a larger part of life and at the same time has made life itself larger. Bowling, for instance, as you will see when you step into your 1960-style neighborhood establishment, is no longer what it used to be; it has attracted a new class of people to its modern lanes. But I can think of few better examples of this revolution than the one Matt Mann suggests in this issue as he begins (abetted by his granddaughter Marilyn and Artist Ed Vebell) a series of lessons on how to teach a child to swim.

When the century opened, the greatest virtue in learning to swim was that sooner or later in a human life that might be the only means of saving one. But as Mann points out, today swimming is also a prerequisite to a growing list of contemporary joys like water skiing, skin-diving, wave riding and underwater photography. It is also the only safe gateway to a number of others like sailing, motor-boating and canoeing. These are more than ever with us, and our life is larger for it.

It was not quite that way in 1908 when Mann became the swimming instructor at the Central YMCA in Buffalo. "While losing a great amateur," the Buffalo *Examiner* said then, "the city will be the gainer, as we are in need of instruction in the art of swimming. The day is coming when



MARILYN, VEBELL AND MANN

more attention will be paid to it. The YMCA is to be congratulated on securing Mr. Mann."

During the next half century others came in line for congratulations—the University of Syracuse, Yale, Harvard, Navy, the University of Michigan (where over a period of 36 years Mann-coached teams achieved national dominance with 267 wins, 3 ties and only 26 losses) and Oklahoma, where he coaches now. And during that half century, thanks in part to Mann himself, the day indeed came when more attention was paid to swimming.

No one who knows him doubts Mann's desire to win or the pleasure he takes in winning. But if you ask this developer of countless champions and coaches, and the coach himself in 1932 of one of the most successful U.S. Olympic swimming teams, where he has found his richest reward, he answers at once, "Why, in teaching kids to swim."

And the contemporary reward for the kids themselves, Matt Mann knows better than most, is as deep and wide as all the water in the world.

Arthur H. James

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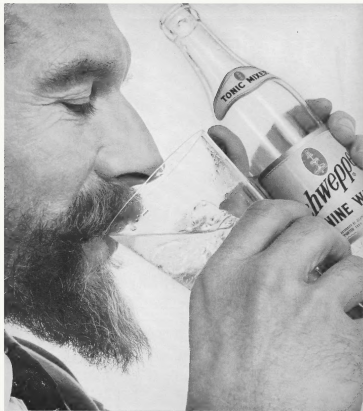
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EUROPEAN EVENTS

The major sports attractions in West Germany this summer

JUNE 22-26 International German Shooting Championships, Wiesbaden.

JUNE 22-26 International Riding Tournament, Cologne.

JUNE 25 Union Horse Race, Cologne.

JUNE 25-26 German Olympic Rowing Trials, Duisburg.

JUNE 28-29 International Canoeing Regatta, Hanover.

JULY 1-10 International CH30 Horse Show, Aachen.

JULY 3 International Frankschild Rowing Regatta, Schweinfurt.

JULY 2-3 German Olympic Diving Trials, Bad Kissingen.

JULY 2-3 International Rowing Regatta, Rostock.

JULY 3 German Derby at Horn, Hamburg.

JULY 3-4 German Olympic Boxing Trials, Berlin.

JULY 7-10 International Tennis Tournament, Cologne.

JULY 8-10 International Auto and Motorcycle Races, Nürburg.

JULY 8-10 International Rowing Regatta, Hamburg.

JULY 10-17 International Horse Show, Hamburg.

JULY 10-16 German Olympic Canoeing Trials, Prien.

JULY 10-17 International Model Boat Regatta, Ulm.

JULY 10-17 German University Track and Field Championships, Göttingen.

JULY 10-17 German Amateur Bicycle Racing Championships, Bochum.

JULY 10-17 International Rowing Regatta, Hanover.

JULY 10-17 German Olympic Densathlon Trials, Schweinfurt.

JULY 10-22 Europe Cup Race for 30-sq. Boats, Starnberg.

JULY 10-24 International Golf Tournament, Cologne.

JULY 20-25 German Swimming Championships, Berlin.

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EUROPEAN EVENTS continued

JULY 22-24 German Track and Field Championships, Berlin.

JULY 23 International Fencing Matches, Ludwigshafen.

JULY 23-24 International Rowing Regatta, Bad Ems.

JULY 24 International Solitude Race for the Grand Prix of Germany, Stuttgart.

JULY 24-25 Resorts Open Tennis Tournament, Norderney.

JULY 24-AUGUST 10 German Canoeing Festival and Championships, Pries.

JULY 24-25 International Football Tournament, Schwetzingen.

JULY 25-26 German Rowing Championships, Dalsburg.

JULY 26 Grand Prix of Germany, Nurnberg.

AUGUST 1-10 International Tennis Tournament, Hamburg.

AUGUST 2 German Olympic Track and Field Trials, Hannover.

AUGUST 4-7 German Water Polo Championships, Soltau.

AUGUST 7 International Schachland III Club, Freiburg im Breisgau.

AUGUST 11-12 German Youth Tennis Championships, Cologne.

AUGUST 12-14 Rhine Cup Sailing Race, Niederwalde.

AUGUST 12-14 German Junior Track and Field Championships, Kassel.

AUGUST 12-15 Riding and Driving Tournament, Verden.

AUGUST 16-21 German Shooting Championships, Nurnberg.

AUGUST 20 International Track Meet, Germany vs. Switzerland, Freiburg im Breisgau.

AUGUST 27-28 German Archery Championships, Cologne.

AUGUST 28-SEPTEMBER 1 German Senior Tennis Championships, Bad Neuenahr.

AUGUST 28-SEPTEMBER 4 Gala Horse Racing Week, Baden-Baden.

SEPTEMBER 3-4 German Stunt Cycling Championships, Wiesbaden.

SEPTEMBER 4 International 800-km. Race for small cars, Nurnberg.

SEPTEMBER 10-17 German Star Class Sailing Championships, Pries.

SEPTEMBER 17 International Track and Field Festival, Hannover.



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YESTERDAY

FLIGHT TO OBLIVION

Harriet Quimby was beautiful and brave but she chose the wrong time to make history

by JERRY SEIBERT

THE MORNING of April 16, 1912 was still and cold in England. Thick, black clouds floated low overhead. At a narrow airfield a few miles from Dover a 28-year-old American woman named Harriet Quimby bundled herself into a long, gray wool overcoat, a raincoat and a heavy seal skin stole. She pulled on a pair of thick gray gloves and climbed nimbly into the cockpit of a frail monoplane. The few onlookers watched with foreboding as the tiny plane disappeared in the murk—Miss Quimby was attempting a feat as daring in its day as the invasion of space half a century later.

An editor of *Leah's Illustrated Weekly*, Harriet Quimby had learned to fly in 18 minutes only the year before. With a month's practice behind her, she had defied all the conventions of the times and applied for a pilot's license. On August 1, 1911,

after long and heated debate over "setting a precedent by granting a pilot's license to a woman," the Aero Club of America awarded her license No. 37.

"Miss Quimby," said a newspaper account, "passed all tests brilliantly, including altitude and the difficult one of cutting figures of eight. One would never suspect to see her, or hear her talk, that she would manipulate an aeroplane or go into the air alone. But she is absolutely fearless in a flying machine."

Immediately after she became America's first aviatrix, Miss Quimby toured the United States and Mexico in a series of exhibition flights.

"Flying is just the sport for women," she said. "It's splendid for the complexion, and all that fresh air must be good for anybody!"

Her flying costume, consisting of purple satin knickerbockers, blouse and hood, was very becoming to her trim figure and pert, dark-eyed beauty. With it she wore high laced boots and, around her neck on an antique silver chain, a tiny East Indian idol that was her flying talisman.

She was obviously quite a great

continued

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FLIGHT TO ORLIVION continued

attraction, but with other women following her lead in flying, the novelty started to wear off. Harriet decided on a flight that would command headlines and if successful make her undisputed Queen of the Air. She would fly the English Channel—a flight no woman had yet dared. (The Channel had been crossed the first time only three years earlier.)

Keeping her plans secret, Harriet sailed to England in March, 1912. There she persuaded the London Daily Mirror to back her flight. Louis Blériot agreed to loan her a 50-hp monoplane, a type Harriet had never flown. Concerned only with being the first woman to fly the English Channel, she brushed aside his suggestion of a trial flight.

Harriet was at the flying field before dawn on April 16. A mauve silk motor veil, wound loosely round her cap, floated out behind her as she moved. "I wear that to show I'm a woman if people see me flying up high," she said.

Gustave Hamel, the English aviator, made a quick flight to try out the engine. He reported it perfect but said the clouds were so low that Miss Quinby must fly by compass. Harriet, completely unconcerned, announced that she had never used a compass and saw no reason to do so.

The horrified Hamel pointed out that drifting only five miles off course would mean being lost over the North Sea. He set the compass for south-east and explained its use at such length that Harriet finally broke in. "I don't care what happens! I'm going right now!"

The propeller was started and the flimsy machine sped down the runway. It rose higher and higher, passing through several cloud banks. Harriet's veil streamed out behind her. In seven minutes and 10 seconds she was lost to sight in the thick clouds. Her later account said: "I was not nervous. My heart was not in my mouth. I felt only impatience to realize the project upon which I was determined, despite the protests of my best friends.

"I climbed steadily in a long circle. Within 30 seconds I was up about 1,500 feet. I made directly for the flagstaff of Dover Castle as I had promised the Mirror photographers.

"In an instant I was beyond the



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cliffed over the Channel. Far below the *Mirrer's* tug, streaming black smoke, tried to keep ahead of me. I passed it in a jiffy. Then the thickening fog obscured my view.

"I could not see in any direction. I pushed up my wet goggles and watched the compass. I was flying over a mile a minute. I soon felt sure that land must be in sight if I were only below the fog. But I could not see the water below, and a blind descent might mean a plunge into the madding Channel.

"Suddenly the roar of the engine faltered into a coughing splutter. I depressed my steering planes and dropped about a thousand feet. As the sunlight struck my eyes, the engine took hold again. Close ahead I saw the white shores of France, but I could not find Calais. The rising wind came in billowy gusts. I knew I must land. I glided down, making an easy landing on the beach near Hardelet."

Unexpected development

Harriet Quimby had made the first flight across the English Channel by a woman. But the headlines and fame that she had counted on never materialized. Late on the night of April 14, 1912 the *Titanic* smashed into an iceberg and sank. In those pre-radio and -television days, news traveled slowly. It is unlikely that more than the first garbled and sketchy reports of the disaster reached the remote aerodrome outside Dover during the 29 or 30 hours which elapsed between the sinking and Harriet's 5 a.m. take-off on the 16th.

It is doubtful whether Harriet, tensely watching the weather and keeping herself hidden so that news of her flight would not leak out, realized the full significance of the tragedy in relation to her hoped-for headlines, or if she knew about it at all.

Whether she knew of it or not, the *Titanic's* tragic end meant that Harriet's amazing feat won little recognition in the world's newspapers. For days every bit of news about the *Titanic* was printed in bold type. There was no room for sports. Even the *Mirrer* story on Harriet was pushed back to page five.

Without the initial burst of publicity which might have made her name a household word, Harriet's affairs did not work out as she had hoped. Expected contracts did not

continued

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be called "Spin The Carlsberg." Carlsberg bottles can also be used as props for Civil War strategists and Monday-morning quarterbacks. The current of Carlsberg runs deep at a Quaffing Party because Carlsberg is an extraordinary beer — a beer so pleasant to the palate that you don't acquire a taste for it — you fall in love with it at first quaff. To drink Carlsberg is to experience one of the profound joys of good living. And to experience this joy to its fullest, we recommend quaffing Carlsberg in our hefty 15.2 oz. beer mug from Copenhagen. Order \$ at \$5.00 or \$1.00 each, from Dept. 14, Carlsberg Quaffers, 444 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22.

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PENNSYLVANIA

FLIGHT TO OLIVION continued

materialize; others were beacons; she became involved in lawsuits.

Three months after her flight Miss Quimby was scheduled to be the star of the Boston Aviation Meet held in Squantum, Mass. The major event was to be Harriet's 16-mile flight to Boston Light and return, with William Willard, manager of the meet, as her passenger.

It was almost sunset on July 1, 1912 when Willard stepped into the passenger seat behind Harriet. "The aeroplane, painted pure white," said *The Boston Globe*, "sped across the infield like some frightened thing until, taking a little jump, it lifted itself and its passengers into the air. Twenty minutes later a mere speck appeared out of the haze at a height of 5,000 feet. Nobody had ever flown to the Light at that height. Everyone marveled at Miss Quimby's daring."

"In descending Miss Quimby circled the field and started a volplane. As the great white wings dipped toward the earth there was a sudden, upward flash of the tail. Outlined against the red light of the sunset, a dark object was seen to drop out of the machine, rapidly followed by another. A cry of horror, that told of a sudden and awful realization, went up from the spectators. 'My God, they're killed!' came from hundreds of throats."

"Free of a guiding hand the aeroplane glided gracefully across the red and purple sky, making such a beautiful curve that the awfulness of death was for the moment blotted from the minds of the watchers. Then it, too, struck the water."

Ironical end

It is ironical that even Harriet's last, dramatic flight had little publicity. Again the unsuspected, the nomination of Woodrow Wilson as the Democratic presidential candidate, pre-empted headlines and news space. Soon America's first aviatrix was virtually forgotten.

But Harriet Quimby, the light-hearted, feminine pioneer, might have felt that the brief obituary in the *Boston Post* was accolade enough: "Harriet Quimby, ambitious to be among the pathfinders, asked no handicap on account of her sex. She took her chances like a man and died like one."

END

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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

THE FIGHT WAS THE THING

The most significant news of the week may have been made in the Orient, but for many Americans the prime subject of conversation was another international matter docketed for debate at the Polo Grounds. Would Ingemar Johansson's right hand destroy Floyd Patterson all over again? Did Patterson really have a new defense doped out? And where could a fellow lay a bet?

Those matters were of equal moment to bookies on Broadway and little old ladies in Lonelyville, for it has become a truism that heavyweight championship fights cut across all lines of interest and generate more attention and remembrances of things past than any single event in the world of sport. Who could ever forget the Dempsey-Tunney fight in 1927? And who, by the same token, remembers who won the national singles—or even the World Series—that year?

As it always does, conjecture of the wildest sort filled the air as fight time neared. Certain experts professed to detect the slight odor of "fix," an attention-getting conclusion based on the fact that odds hung at 6 to 5 and pick 'em till shortly before the fight. These experts felt Johansson should have been the favorite at 5 to 1. Such talk conveniently ignored another fact: Johansson and Patterson are practical men, and men with personal and public records not vulnerable to blackmail. No practical man with a clean record would go in the tank in a heavyweight championship fight for anything less than a fortune and a free pass out of court.

The best bet, of course, was on TelePrompTer Corp. to win. In 230 theaters, tons of popcorn were heated up and 796,000 seats were dusted and ready at \$3 to \$10 a throw. The very scheduling of the fight—on a Monday night—was a mark of the importance of the theater TV receipts. Monday night is a poor night for less violent forms of entertainment. Ergo,

lower rentals for TelePrompTer and a gross of about \$1.5 million if it sold only 50% of its seats.

Indeed, the talk about economics almost pre-empted the talk about the fight itself. It seemed certain that 90% of the \$108 seats at the Polo Grounds would be bought on the expense account, doled out like old booze and young cigars to good customers from Atlanta and big buyers from Chicago. Thus would the fight become available, and deductible, to more big spenders than ever before.

Is there a clue to the future, even dimly seen, in all this? Well, consider: The luxury liner *Carveria* steams to an anchorage 15 miles off New York. Aboard are 1,096 tuxedos and performed fight fans who have paid \$1,000 each for a rigside seat in the plush grand salon, plus one champagne

cocktail, courtesy of the promoter. Having paid 10 times more than ever before, guests naturally are 10 times as impressed as they had been at previous championship fights, and they have 10 times as much to deduct. Across the country—from the dark gutters of The Bronx to the chalk sands of Coronado—20 million people have paid 50¢ apiece to see the fight on pay-TV. No city, town, village or hamlet is blacked out. The fighters come on, almost as an anticlimax. They bob, and the ship weaves, and everybody makes a buck.

S.R.O.

Pondering the plight of the Green Bay Packers, one can only be saddened. Their stadium holds 32,125, and already they've sold 25,000 season tickets. Now they are afraid that loyal Parker fans who can't afford season tickets will be offended when they can't get into the stadium. It is a terrible problem, and one that every team in the National Football League wishes it had.

BOOTS AND SOX

The return to the big leagues of Mike (Finky) Higgins as Red Sox manager

WHAT? RAIN ON THE QUEEN? SHATTER! BLAST!



Rain, thunder and lightning at the fashionable Ascot meet last week sent racgoers, including the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh (shown, on day arrived), scrambling for shelter. It was a meteorologically freakish day all over England,

with hail in West Kensington and three inches of snow in Weymouth, Kent. And for those who pay attention to such heavenly harbingers, it was a lucrative afternoon at Ascot. The winners of those races were Blat, Shatter and Typhoon.

also means the return of his two delightful daughters, Elizabeth (Boots), 17, and Dianne, 19, both of whom specialize in succinct, thumbnail descriptions of ballplayers they have known. Samples:

Ted Williams—"No one in the majors has a lovelier smile."

Jim Fieralli—"He used to be a ton of fun. He used to stick a huge wad of Tootsie Rolls in his cheeks so he could look tough, when he walked past the stands, by having brown spit."

Grady Hatton—"All that tobacco in his cheek! Imagine if a line drive ever hit him in the face."

Pete Runnels—"He has the most adorable little ears."

SPARKLE PLENTY

Casey Stengel, who used to hide live birds under his cap and turn hotel lobbies into base-stealing and sliding clinics, has returned to show business. When he led the Yankee sparkler brigade in Lilliputian mimicry of Bill Veech's \$399,000 explosive scoreboard in Chicago last week, baseball—and the Yankees—lit up a little, too.

For some time now, the Stengel approach had been supplanted by the production-line, nothing-for-a-laugh attitude of Yankee General Manager George Weiss. Maybe that's why the Yankees hadn't been doing as well. At any rate, they appear loose now, and they're winning.

After the Chicago game, Stengel fipped up and down the clubhouse in spectacles, sweat socks and little else (well, nothing else) celebrating his coup of lighting the sparklers after Yankee home runs. "Veech," he exulted, "would probably have kept that scoreboard going for 35 minutes if the Sox hit one. He would have spent \$5,000 on it."

He was right. Veech had prepared a double order of fireworks for each White Sox homer.

CHINESE FOOTBALL

LSU Football Coach Paul Dietzel, chief chronicler for the famed Chinese Bandits, has helped clarify some of his team's techniques for a football clinic. "We have a call man, an inside call man, an outside call man, inside-outside blocker and sealer in our principal blocking plan," he said. "If the defensive lineman is playing over the nose of the call man, he becomes the post blocker

and the outside call man becomes the drive blocker. This releases the inside call man from principal and the block-by rule, influencing against the floor." Any questions?

MOTHER GO HOME!

A bunch of mothers were whooping it up at a Little League game in Charlotte, N.C. the other day, when matters got out of hand. One enthusiastic mama questioned the veracity and family lineage of the umpire, whereupon the ump's wife, seated near by, smacked the complainer on the shin. The case wound up in court, where City Judge Howard Arbuckle delivered the last word: "Little Leaguers themselves can have fun whether they're in the infield, the outfield or on the bench. If grown-ups can't behave themselves as well, they should stay home."

CASEY OF CHARACTERS

The Boy Scouts presented a new 50-star flag to the Los Angeles Dodgers last week, moving Dodger Veep Fresno Thompson to remark: "By the time we fly that at Chavez Ravine, they'll need two more stars." . . . Baltimore Oriole Outfielder Gene Woodling threw a temper tantrum at a Sunday double-header, stomped out of the park because of "an upset stomach." The slumping, fan-banned Woodling threatened to quit baseball, and Manager Paul Richards counterthreatened to trade Woodling, and that's where all the trade rumors started. . . . Thoroughbred Trainer Miah Tenney (Swaps, California Kid) told a Los Angeles interviewer that horses are "dumb animals" but "as smart as God intended them to be, which isn't very." Added Tenney quickly: "I like them." . . . Big Ten Spokesman Bill Reed, regarded in some quarters as both a phrasemaker and a philosopher, enriched the language last week with his explanation of conference dilly-dallying in the case of Phil Dierkes and the Indiana football team. Reed said, "The wheels of the gods grind slowly but with succeeding great progress." . . . Archie Moore accepts, with one proviso, Paul Pender's challenge for the light-heavyweight championship. Says Archie: "For me to meet a man like that and face my conscience, I would have to agree to let him carry a pistol."

FACES IN THE CROWD



EDWARD KAHN, 37, of Vienna, Austria, took first place in the 10th annual International Down River competition at Salida, Colo., paddled his way over rapids-filled, 25-mile course from Salida down to Cotopaxi, Colo. in two hours and 19 minutes.



TOMMY JAMIESON, 42, a Drexel's last starter at Fielder College, N.C., for four years, completed a perfect season by pitching career with 22 0's, struck out 168 batters in 140 innings, compiled a 9-0 record and a 0.60 earned run average.



JOYCE DUKES of Dayton, Ohio, playing in a high school girls softball tournament with her injured left arm in a cast, struck out 17 in pitching a two-hit victory over nearby Fremont, also batted one-handed to hit a game-winning two-run homer.



JOHN STEVENS of Wichita, Kans., became youngest player (17½) ever to win Kansas men's amateur golf championship, easily defeated his high school teammate, Kim Corbin, 9 and 3 in nine-hole playoff in 36-hole final at Tynes's Shawnee Club.



ELLEN MURPHY, 21, University of Houston senior from New London, Conn., upset her roommate, Olympic Record-holder Carla Coon (whom she usually beats in workouts), won 225-yard backstroke in 2:42.3 in GAA's outstanding championships at Houston.



EUGENE WAIET, 18, of New Orleans, who finished seventh in the Dragon Class Olympic sailing races in 1956, once again showed the U.S. representative by capturing three wins in the seven-day trial series at the Southern Yacht Club of New Orleans.

COMING EVENTS

June 24 to June 30

All times are E.D.T.

★ Color television ♦ Television ■ Network radio

Friday, June 24

- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Chicago vs. Texas, night baseball, 7:30 p.m., New York, 10 p.m., (NBA) ♦
- **HORSE RACING**
 Pimlico Cup Handicap, Havre de Grace, Md., 7:30 p.m., (NBA) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 U.S. Minor League Champions, Baltimore, Md., 7:30 p.m., (NBA) ♦

Saturday, June 25

- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Baltimore at Kansas City (NBA) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Boston at Chicago (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Los Angeles at St. Louis (NBA) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ San Francisco at Cincinnati (NBA) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 Detroit Memorial, scheduled 12:00 p.m., Detroit, 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Chicago vs. Boston, 12:00 p.m., Midland, 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Cleveland vs. Philadelphia, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ St. Louis vs. New York, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ St. Louis vs. New York, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦

Sunday, June 26

- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Los Angeles at Milwaukee (NBA-TV, Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ New York at Cleveland (NBA) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ World Championship Golf event, Midland, 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ St. Louis vs. New York, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ St. Louis vs. New York, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦

Monday, June 27

- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ St. Louis vs. New York, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ St. Louis vs. New York, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ St. Louis vs. New York, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ St. Louis vs. New York, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ St. Louis vs. New York, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦

Tuesday, June 28

- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Milwaukee at Chicago (Metrol) ♦

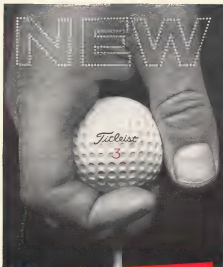
Wednesday, June 29

- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Kansas City at New York (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Baltimore vs. Boston, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Baltimore vs. Boston, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Baltimore vs. Boston, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Baltimore vs. Boston, 12:00 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., (Metrol) ♦

Thursday, June 30

- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Milwaukee at Chicago (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Milwaukee at Chicago (Metrol) ♦
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- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Milwaukee at Chicago (Metrol) ♦
- **BASEBALL**
 ♦ Milwaukee at Chicago (Metrol) ♦

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NAUTOLEX CASE HISTORY

How one boat owner did away with seasonal deck refinishing



"Boy, this deck's in bad shape. Gotta to think of the work it'll take!"

"Why don't you put on Nautolex?"

"Nautolex? What's that?"

"I thought you'd know all about it. It's that long-wearing vinyl material that looks just like a caulked deck."



"Hey, Chuck! Do you have Nautolex? My deck needs refinishing, and I'm tired of doing it every year."

"Sure do and we're selling a lot of it. All you do is cut it out and glue it down; looks like a good varnish job. What finish... oak, cherry, dark, light or Philippine mahogany?"



"Say, this is a snap to cut and fit...and I'm usually all thumbs."

"Don't I know it. But I told you Nautolex was good stuff. I used it early in the year and was sold in a hurry. Sure glad I won't have to go through that sanding and refinishing grind every year."



"I hear a lot of real good boat builders use Nautolex now on expensive cruisers. Sure is amazing how a good idea catches on."

"Yeah. You know I've spilled oil and even battery acid on my Nautolex deck and it doesn't do a thing... just wipe it off and there's not a mark left."



"I think I'll put one of Nautolex cabin top materials on next."

"There are Nautolex materials for cabin overhairs and upholstery too. This Nautolex sure makes it easy to keep a boat shipshape."



"Well, Honey, how do you like the new deck?"

"It's beautiful. How in the world did you get it refinished so fast?"

"Fred told me about a new vinyl material called Nautolex. Looks great, doesn't it? And I won't have to sand and refinish any more."

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EDITORIALS

STILL HOPE AT THE TOP

Clenching his fists in the accepted style of outraged TVirtue last week, Jake LaMotta, onetime middle-weight boxing champion of the world, told a U.S. Senate investigating committee: "I ain't afraid of none of dem rats."

Jake's cutting contempt was aimed at the agents of corruption that have long infested the prizefighting profession. It was, however, considerably dulled by the fact that he had just told the committee the sorry story of his collaboration with the very rats he professed to condemn. And despite his bravado—he seemed unable to recall a single one of them by name. "Some hard hands and long arms have reached into this committee room," said Michigan's Senator Philip Hart, voicing some contempt of his own.

To those who have followed boxing over the years there was nothing startling in Jake LaMotta's confession that he had thrown a fight to Billy Fox in Madison Square Garden 18 years ago. Nor was there much of a surprise in the suggestion of widespread

corruption in the Fifth Amendment nontestimony of a convict named Irving Michel (once known as "the banker of the underworld") and a parade of additional witnesses whose silence was more damning than speech.

This magazine, like most honest partisans of sport, has made no secret of its disgust at boxing's dirty business. But even we are not yet ready to admit, as one Senator declared last week, that "boxing is rotten from top to bottom." As it happened, while the Senators were investigating the murky bottom, most of the sports world's attention was focused on two young men at the top who seem far from "rotten." This magazine thought highly enough of one of them six months ago to name him Sportsman of the Year. Ingemar Johansson, in turn, thought well enough of his sport to assist us in formulating a plan for the worldwide control and supervision of boxing (SI, Jan. 4).

In general we are opposed to governmental interference in any sport, but boxing has shown so little inclination to clean its own house that drastic measures may be necessary. Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin says "a hard sock in the jaw" in the form of federal legislation is what boxing now needs. Accordingly, Wiley last week introduced what may be the first of several congressional bills to deliver that sock. If these bills hit the hoodlums who foul the sport—and not the athletes who grace it—we are all in favor.

NO DOPES AT THE TOP

By now the last diploma has been handed out and the echoes of the last valedictory have died among the ivy leaves. Once more the nation is richer by some 400,000 newly minted bachelors of art and/or science, and if many of these young men have been spurred on to academic attainment by an interest in athletics that seems to us very much all right.

It is fashionable in some circles these days to decry the athletic scholarship as an academic fraud despite a host of statistics to the contrary. But in our estimation, the bluestocking argument that athletic grants-in-aid contribute nothing to scholarship as such has become too tired to deserve rebuttal. We cite it now only because a single young man in the

current crop of graduates is almost enough in himself to lay the argument to rest for good.

Tommy Gresham, a kid from rural Griffin, Ga., came to Georgia Tech in 1966 on a full-scale athletic scholarship with the primary purpose of playing football. He played in one game during his freshman year, injured his leg and was forced off the athletic field for good. Under Tech policy, however, his scholarship continued uninterrupted. Last week Tommy Gresham graduated No. 1 in the Class of 1969 with an average of .392 out of a possible .400.

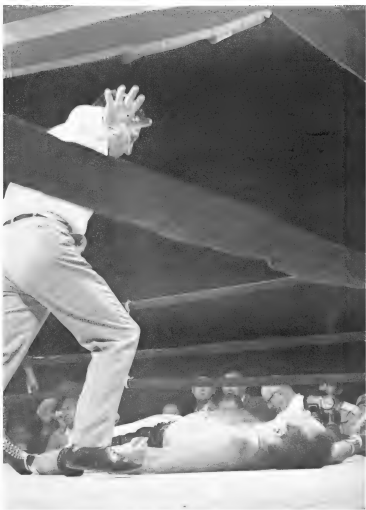
Did someone say that's just because he couldn't waste time at play any more? Possibly, but in 1967 the top scholar at Tech was also its football captain and in 1969 the football captain was the only honor graduate in an engineering class of 140.

INGO OUT- AND THEN...

Turn the page

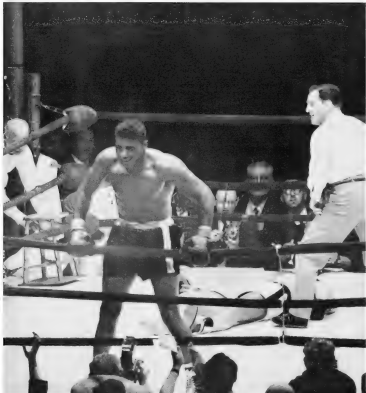
Photographs by Hy Peskin and John G. Simonson





...EE-YAH!

AT ONCE JABLANC AND DERISIVE, PATTERSON GLOATS OVER CHEERING PRESS AS INGO'S SECONDS RUSH TOWARD STRUCKEN HERO



**Floyd Patterson's defiant yell celebrated
his demolition of Ingemar Johansson
and his recapture of the heavyweight title**

by MARTIN KANE

THE SMOKE WAS I'm going to look down into the faces of those reporters . . . and that alone is going to be worth a million dollars."

In those words, Floyd Patterson, training for his return bout with Ingemar Johansson, summed up to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** the pent-up fury he has felt at a denigrating section of the sporting press since he lost his title to Johansson a year ago.

When Floyd Patterson did win, brilliantly, he looked down into the faces of the reporters and he jumped up and down on his heels in glee.

"Ee-yah!" he shouted at them through his pink mouthpiece.

But the press did not understand his derision. The press was on its feet cheering him, delighted that Floyd Patterson had just done what no man had ever done before and that he had done it with the élan of a true champion. He had regained the heavyweight championship of the world. He had regained it with such a vicious, furious assault that the bewildered Ingemar Johansson, fighting his first defense of the title, was totally unable to cope with him.

The youngest, at 31, ever to win the title, Patterson was the youngest, at 25, ever to try to win it back.

In succeeding, he astonished almost all the experts, including **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, not only by his achievement but by the manner of his doing it. Never before has Patterson fought with such fire, not even on the night he won the title by knocking out Archie Moore at Chicago. On that night he was coolly competent, in charge from the opening bell. This night at the almost packed Polo Grounds in New York he flashed fire with every move, accepted Ingemar's power-laden right hand in the second round, and crashed home punch after punch to the body until the defending champion's guard was forced down.

With a path thus opened to Johansson's chin, Patterson landed two

left hooks in the fifth round. The first came on one of his famous loops and knocked Johansson to the canvas for a count of 9. Not badly hurt, Johansson gradually took the count on one knee, his eyes clear. Moments later he was indeed hurt. A long left hook banged into his jaw and toppled him over backward with a crash that jarred the ring. He lay very still on the flat of his back, his massive legs stretched out straight, blood flowing from a corner of his mouth, and he did not move while Referee Arthur Mercante counted the 10 seconds that ended his championship and marked his first defeat as a professional.

For several minutes thereafter he remained there, only semiconscious, while doctors and handies ministered to him. He seemed to have suffered a concussion, one of the physicians said.

Floyd promises return

The chances are that Ingemar did not hear his predecessor and successor, Floyd Patterson, as the new champion bent over him in the ring and shouted to him above the din:

"You definitely will get a third fight."

Their contract calls for a return engagement, but Patterson well knows that it is rather easy to avoid fulfillment of such agreements. He merely wanted to add his rumoring word of honor to the legalities.

Just as he was a different fighter on this night than he had ever been before, Patterson will be a different champion. He will ignore the devious politics of boxing.

"I'll just take whoever is No. 1 contender and I'll fight him regardless," Patterson told me a few weeks ago at his training camp. "I made up my mind about that right after I lost the title."

He has attracted for a long time under criticism that some of his challengers were less than worthy, although all of them except the ar-

continued



FLOYD'S SHOCKING JAB SURPRISES INSO



LEFT HOOK FLOORED INSO FOR 9 COUNT



SECOND HOOK OPENED INSO AND FIGHT



GUS GARANO, FLOYD'S UNLICENSED MANAGER, RIDES LIKE A BALDING PHOENIX

FIGHT continued

tear Pete Rademacher were ranked fourth or better when Floyd fought them. The new Patterson is determined, too, that he will be more available to the sporting public than he was during his first reign. Naturally retiring, he shunned most public appearances except for children's charities, in which he is interested. He saw with astonishment how the charming Johansson won the public's affection on the strength of his big punch, his big smile and his willingness to appear on television, in movies and in advertising. He has decided to do what he can to emulate Johansson in this area, conceding, however, that he is by no means an actor.

Patterson's pride

In this spectacular fight Patterson fulfilled the promise of greatness he showed even before he won the title. Even so, some of his combinations were smothered by Johansson's defense, and the knockout came on no combination but on a single punch. Instead of the patient, waiting figure he presented in the first fight, Patterson fought with passionate impetuosity, crowding Johansson about the ring from the very first seconds of the first round.

In that round it was immediately apparent that Patterson had no intention of fighting cautiously. Pride, as well as strategy, made him intent on dominating the issue. There was surprise in Johansson's eyes as Patterson charged bravely into him after

an exchange of light jabs. There was even more surprise when Patterson crunched a left hook into Johansson's head.

Johansson won the second round, however, on the strength of his good right hand. He crossed it into Patterson's face, a trifle high, and Patterson was clearly hurt but he was also clearly confident that he could take more such punches. While he clinched to recover he winked reassuringly down at Irving B. Kahn, president of Tele-Prompter, which owned the theater TV, movie and radio rights to the fight. Then he circled sensibly away until he was certain of full recovery.

In the third round Patterson was back in action, throwing the rather special hooks to the body that he had counted on before the fight to weaken Johansson and force down his guard. To get to the body he was charging is fast, faster than Johansson could retreat, and brushing aside the ineffectual, flicking jab that Johansson had used to keep him at bay in their first fight, Johansson tried his right hand again but was short with it and it never counted for anything thereafter. Patterson merely bobbed under it, thoroughly confident that he could handle it.

In the fourth round, as he had done in the first, Patterson drove Johansson back with flurries, landed one good right-hand punch and some stiff jabs.

They applied an ice bag to Ingemar's left eye after this round. He had sustained a slight cut under it in the first round and now it seemed

that the eye might be closing a trifle.

Thus far in the fight the faces of the two fighters were a study in contrasts. Patterson wore a look of almost amused contempt, Johansson at first looked bewildered, later adopted a rather odd smile, which did not jibe with what was happening to him.

But in the fifth and final round Patterson was neither amused nor contemptuous. He snarled viciously as he poured head-shaking jabs into Johansson's face, then closed with the champion and banged two rights to his head in tight. The rights were high on the head, because Johansson's shoulder was blocking characteristically, but they were hard punches, nonetheless.

The knockout

Then came the end, in two furious moves, prepared by the fact that Johansson's right hand was now down to protect his body. As he has done so often, Patterson leaped to close with Johansson, and as his feet touched canvas a good left hook crashed into Johansson's jaw and dropped him. The moth-filled air of the Polo Grounds was shattered by the crowd's roar, and Patterson stepped quickly to a neutral corner.

Johansson was scarcely up when Patterson was on him again, both hands flying. Johansson spun helplessly about the ring. At one crucial point Johansson had his back turned to Patterson and Floyd might legally have hit him on the back of the head, just as Johansson had hit Patterson in their first fight. Instead, Patterson twisted Johansson about and threw the final left hook of the fight, catching him flush on the chin. At that moment it was apparent that Floyd Patterson's left hook is at least as powerful as Ingemar Johansson's right hand. Ingemar went down for the full count and much more besides.

So, in their two fights, Patterson and Johansson are even so far as results go, but it does appear that in their second encounter Patterson established clear superiority. For one thing, he knocked Johansson out utterly, something Johansson had been unable to do to him in that seven-knockdown third round of a year ago. For another, aware at last that he had an opponent worth respecting, he moved toward a solution of his problem with a champion's assur-

ance, took command of the situation and did what was necessary when the opportunity occurred.

There will, of course, be the usual ignorant rumors that the first fight was a fake in order to warrant a return, especially since the return was a richly rewarding one to the fighters and everyone else connected with it. (Full financial reports will not be available for several weeks but it is possible that Patterson and Johansson will be enriched to the extent of almost half a million dollars apiece from this second fight.) But such rumors must be transparent nonsense to those who were actually present at these two fights or, for that matter, to anyone who knows either fighter.

There will also be the question of what to do about Gus D'Amato, whose license has expired in New York State. New York's boxing commission, which gave Gus a certain leeway when he managed a champion, then zealously prosecuted him after his fighter lost the championship, must decide whether to license him again.

D'Amato is entitled to crow and almost certainly will. When Patterson lost the title, D'Amato's first words were: "I predict Floyd Patterson will be the first heavyweight in history to regain his title."

Gus, crushed to earth, has risen again.

Another man entitled to crow is Joe Louis, whose retention as an advisor to Patterson was derided as a publicity stunt. But the wise old champion made one most important contribution to the victory. He recognized the virtues of Johansson's circular barrier defense and he suggested a way to penetrate it.

"The way to get inside Johansson," Louis said, "is to make him miss, then step inside."

Which is precisely what Patterson did on several occasions. On these occasions he dug his left into the heart area, weakening Johansson so that he lost some of his backward speed and forcing down the guard that protected his head.

In Johansson's Geneva gymnasium he has hung on the wall two notices. Both are in Swedish. One of them says, "Keep your hands up." The other says, "Keep your chin down." And a third might well say, "Don't miss with your right."

END



INGO'S RIGHT, which closed the first fight with its terrible force, landed on Patterson's forehead in the second round but Floyd survived it. It was Ingo's last score.

DEAD AIM ON THE OLYMPICS

Collegians broke 10 records at the NCAA meet, but now they face track's senior citizens

by **TEX MAULE**

THE 400-meter runners boiled out of the turn and into the long run for the tape, and leading them was a third-string fullback from the University of Colorado, running his third 400-meter race outdoors. Ted Woods, a 19-year-old sophomore who is built like a quarter horse and who runs like one, pulled away from the nation's best collegians in the stretch, his thick-muscled, weight lifter's body

curiously graceful. His time for the 400 meters, 45.7, set a new National Collegiate championship record and was the best in the world thus far this year.

And so Woods, a relaxed, pleasant youngster, becomes the latest in a long series of track athletes who have blossomed unexpectedly under the pressures of an Olympic year. There were other newcomers in this NCAA meet at Berkeley, but Woods seems the best bet to go on to a gold medal in Rome, just as Glenn Davis did four years ago.

"I didn't expect to get this far," Woods said after the race. "I just

went out for track to have something to do between football seasons. I was a half mile in high school, and I've been running mostly sprints this year. I guess I'm pretty surprised."

Dave Mills, the crack quarter mile from Purdue who failed to make the 400-meter finals in this meet, smiled ruefully at Woods. "Lot of other people were, too," he said.

This Saturday, Woods and the other surprising youngsters on the way up meet America's Olympic veterans—some of them just reaching their peak as they fight their way back into top form—in the National AAU championships in Bakersfield, Calif. Although the meet at Berkeley was probably the finest NCAA competition in history, with 10 records broken, collegians will be favored in only five of the 19 events at Bakersfield—the 400 meters, the 800 meters, the 1,500 meters, the high jump and the javelin.

The surest undergraduate winners are John Thomas in the high jump and Dwyll Burleson in the 1,500-meter run. Thomas, who seems to be completely impervious to pressure, jumped an even 7 feet at Berkeley, then had two narrow misses at 7 feet 2 inches. Burleson, running easily, won the 1,500 meters by 20 yards in 3:44.2, roughly equivalent to a 4:02 mile, and his smooth, efficient stride was as unforced at the finish as it was at the start.

Another big collegiate favorite is George Kerr of the University of Illinois, who won the 800 meters at the NCAA meet. Kerr, a Jamaican, will run for the West Indies in the Olympics, but close behind him at Berkeley—in one of the best 800-meter races in track history—came two highly promising Americans, Jerry Siebert of California and Ernie Cunliffe of Stanford. The race presented a classic problem to Cunliffe, a wonderfully persistent runner. Ernie is not blessed with the starting speed that makes Kerr seem like a sprinter running a distance. When he goes against a runner like Kerr, Cunliffe simply cannot afford to rely on his own sprint in the event of a close finish.

Therefore, Cunliffe offered the traditional riposte to a runner with a great finishing drive; he set a fast pace, hoping either to pull far enough ahead of Kerr so that he would be out of reach down the stretch, or, if

continued

JAVELIN THROWER BILL ALLEY SET RECORD, HELPED KANSAS WIN NCAA TITLE



Photographs by Jack Fields



In this fifth presentation of The Chivas Regal Fine Arts Series, Alfred D. Crand has interpreted Robert the Bruce, Scotland's Prince of Warriors, through the art form of the fresco.

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Kerr stayed with him, to exhaust the Jamaican so that he would not be able to sprint past him. Kerr did follow the pace, running two strides behind Cusliffe, with Siebert two strides behind him. Those three left the rest of the field far behind. Despite the withering pace, as they hit the stretch turn of the last lap Kerr pulled wide and raced past Cusliffe. Surprisingly, Siebert went with him, passing Cusliffe, too, and for a shocking moment, seemed strong enough to challenge Kerr down the home stretch. But the Jamaican fought him off and went on to win in 1:46.4, only seven-tenths of a second off the world record and by far the best time run in the world this year.

Cusliffe finished third. "I felt fine," he said after the race. "But I'm tired of making races and not winning them. I wish someone else would set the pace."

"A runner must be much the best in the field to win setting the pace," replied Frank Stampf, the famed European coach, who now lives in Australia, "and Kerr is the best in the world." From their five times in this race (1:46.9 and 1:47.6), Siebert and Cusliffe must be rated as the best Americans at this distance, over Tom Murphy, who is outstanding among the postgraduate half milers.

Psychology

Still another clear-cut AAU favorite is Bill Alley, the javelin thrower from Kansas, who won his event with a towering throw of 268 feet 9 inches. In one of his warmups he threw well over 270 feet, the javelin sailing clear over the prescribed range and landing on the track.

The tremendous warmup throw was a part of the psychological battle Alley and his Kansas teammate, Terry Beucher, waged against Bob Sbordone of the University of Southern California, who had thrown more than 290 feet previously but who managed only 234 feet 5 inches in this meet. Whether Alley's pre-meet heroics "psyched him out" or not, Sbordone was far off form and finished sixth.

"We got tired of hearing about how great USC is," Alley said after he had won and Beucher had placed third. "We got a good track team at Kansas. They said we won the NCAA championship last year because USC was

ineligible. I'll clue you—we'll win this year, with them in the meet." Alley was right; Kansas won with 60 points to second-place USC's 37.

A prime factor in the Kansas victory was Charlie Tidwell, a tall, slender sprinter who may challenge Ray Norton successfully in the national championships. Tidwell has an amazing lift in the last half of a race, much as Norton has, and he has the endurance to run at top form through heats and semifinals and finals. Both Norton and Tidwell appear better able to stand the grind of repeat races than Dave Sims, the other strong contender in the AAU dashes.

"I've been sore-legged for the last four weeks," Tidwell said after his victories. "Maybe it's because the weather has been cold in Kansas. Maybe I'll skip the AAU meet."

Dallas Long, USC's powerful young shotputter, set an NCAA record in the shot (51 feet 9 inches) but he may skip the AAU meet, too. "I need to work on my form," he said. "I'm up too high. I think I need the practice." Bill Nieder, Parry O'Brien and Dave Davis are entered in the AAU. Nieder, who is recovering rapidly from a pulled hamstring muscle, and O'Brien, who did 62 feet 11½ inches Saturday night in a meet at Albuquerque, should decide the championship between them.

The rest of the NCAA winners face a difficult challenge. A typical example is Cliff Cushman of Kansas, who won the 400-meter hurdles in 50.8 seconds. Among the outsiders aiming for the Olympics is a man whose best efforts make Cushman's good time look ordinary.

Glen Davis (see cover), who won the Olympic 400-meter hurdles at Melbourne in 1956 and who holds the world record of 49.2 seconds, did 49.9 in Albuquerque last Saturday in preparation for the AAU meet. For Davis, as for most of the veteran U.S. competitors, the road to fitness has been a long and often discouraging one. Davis teaches industrial arts in a junior high school in Columbus, Ohio, and he only began to reach his peak a couple of weeks ago. "He was worried about his speed," said his coach, Larry Snyder of Ohio State, who is also the U.S. Olympic coach. "So he worked on nothing but sprints for the last few weeks. He's all right now. He'll be as sharp as he was in 1956 next week."



16-YEAR-OLD TED WOODS WON THE 400

Eddie Southern, who finished second to Davis in the 1956 Olympics, will probably switch to the 400-meter dash at Bakersfield. Southern, too, seems to be ready after a long, slow preparation. He has in his career run the equivalent of Ted Woods's 45.7; if he is fit, he may beat Woods at the AAU meet.

In the 110-meter hurdles, another Olympic event, Leo Calhoun, at 27 one of the older U.S. track stars, did 13.5 at Albuquerque. Calhoun, Hayes Jones, and Chuck Cobb, the big, ex-Stanford hurdler, all look better than any collegians.

Indeed, in view of the preponderance of mature talent, it is likely that this will be one of the oldest Olympic teams ever to represent the U.S. Harold Connolly, the hammer champion, is 29; Phil Coleman, one of the favorites in the steeplechase, is 29; Al Oerter, probably the best of the U.S. discus throwers, is 23; Al Castello, the world record holder in the javelin, is 28; Don Bragg, the pole vaulter, is 25, and so is Bob Gutowski. Jim Beatty, U.S. record holder in the mile and our fastest in the 5,000 meters, is 28. And, of course, there's the senior citizen of the shot, Parry O'Brien, a ripe old 28.

END

DESTINY'S NEW FAVORITE

With six birdies in seven holes, Arnold Palmer came on with a rush to win the wildest of all U.S. Opens

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

FOR the first three rounds of the National Open last week at Cherry Hills in Denver, Arnold Palmer's name was scarcely mentioned. In an ordinary tournament this would have been surprising, as Palmer—the golfer of the year and the pretournament favorite—had not played badly at all. He had started with a 72, one-over-par, added a 71 and another 72, but the 1960 Open was no ordinary championship. From the beginning the scoring pace had been so hot that Palmer had never been up among the leaders. When he began his final round at about 1:45 p.m. on Saturday afternoon under a hot mountain sun, he trailed Mike Souchak, the front-runner, by seven full shots and seemed hopelessly out of the running. At 3:15 p.m., after the most explosive stretch of subpar golf any golfer has ever produced in the championship, Arnold Palmer was deep in contention and his name was heard everywhere on the course.

Because of its historic dimensions, Palmer's start on his fourth round is worth describing hole by hole. He birdied the first, a short par-4, 346 yards long, driving the green and getting down in two putts from 20 feet. He birdied the 2nd, a 410-yard par-4, holing a little run-up of 35 feet from off the edge of the green. On the 3rd, another abbreviated par-4 which, in this air a mile above sea level, played even shorter than its yardage, he picked up his third birdie in a row by wedging his chip a foot from the cup. On the 4th, 426 yards, he struck

his wedge approach about 18 feet from the cup and got the putt for still another birdie. After driving into the rough, he had to be satisfied with par on the long 5th. But on the 6th, a par-3, 174 yards long to an upward sloping green, he was off again. He hit the center of the green with a seven-iron and rolled in a curving 25-foot sidehill. On the 7th, another short par-4, he played a superb wedge approach to six feet, and when he ran that putt in he had made his sixth birdie in seven holes.

Palmer stopped his own rush on the 8th when he missed the three-footer he had for his par, but with this incredible burst he had succeeded in turning the tournament almost inside out. It was now his for the winning and win it he ultimately did. A conservatively played in-nine of 35—only one birdie but all the rest solid pars—gave him a 68, the lowest final round ever shot by the winner of the Open. His four-round total was 280, two shots lower than that posted by the runner-up, Jack Nicklaus, the 26-year-old National Amateur champion who had played a tremendous tournament from the beginning to the end.

A mild case of murder

At the risk of confusing the issue to some extent, it should be made explicit that it was not until very late in the afternoon that Palmer's victory was assured or even apparent. This was, to put it mildly, the wildest Open ever. Only one previous

championship can be compared to it, the 1925 Open, in which eight players came to the 72nd tee with a mathematical chance of winning. But that tournament became hectic only at the very end. This 1960 Open was a hurly-burly all afternoon lomp. For four unbroken hours there were so many contenders performing such fantastic things that it was impossible to keep track for very long of who was leading and who was falling back and who was coming on.

At 2:45 p.m., for example, Mike Souchak was still out in front, five-under-par for the tournament; Julius Boros, Dow Finsterwald and Jack Nicklaus were four-under; Ben Hogan was three-under; Jack Fleck, Jerry Barber and Palmer were two-under. This accounting did not take into consideration Dutch Harrison, who was out very early, or Bill Casper, Don Cherry and Ted Kroll, who had barely teed off on their final round. Kroll was to rear off with five birdies (and one bogey) on the first seven holes, but this caused hardly a stir after Palmer's feat and a similar sprint by Jack Fleck, who birdied five holes (and bogeyed one) out of the first six.

As the afternoon and the pressure wore on, the scoring quieted down, but not the whirling of shifting positions among a dozen-odd contenders. A few minutes before 4 o'clock, for instance, three players each were five-under-par for the distance traveled. Shortly after 4, Souchak, after a bogey on the 9th, was out of the lead for the first time. A few minutes later, Jack Nicklaus alone was five-under, and he was out in front by himself. At 4:15 p.m., after Nicklaus had taken three putts from 10 feet on the 13th (or 67th), four players were tied four-under-par—Nicklaus; Boros, playing one hole behind him; Palmer, two holes behind; and Fleck, four holes behind. Half an hour later three men shared the lead, Hogan (paired with Nicklaus), Palmer and Fleck, each of them four-under. And so it went until in the closing holes only Palmer was able to hold on to what he had wrested from par. If all this seems hopelessly confusing, then it is



FLINGING HIS GOLF VISOR TO THE SKIES, PALMER DOES JOYOUS DANCE OF TRIUMPH AFTER SINKING SHORT PUTT ON FINAL HOLE

an accurate representation of the most unbelievable jam-up the Open has ever seen.

Quite apart from the flamboyant golf it provided, the 60th Open was a notably enjoyable occasion. Cherry Hills had the air of a friendly country fair, an altogether different atmosphere from the chill metropolitan remoteness which prevailed last June at Winged Foot. A newborn community of large green tents almost overwhelmed the rambling neo-Tudor clubhouse. Marshals in red slacks and women servers in red skirts and red-ribboned gondolier hats moved endlessly among the cottages and the Chinese elms. Around the perimeter of the course kids straight out of Norman Rockwell had set up lemonade stands and were marketing their drinks for a nickel or a dime a glass. In the distance rose the eastern

slopes of the Rockies and, not far beyond, a higher ridge covered with snow that looked like an old calendar or a new beer ad—perhaps more like the latter in the minds of the galleries parched by the unrelenting sun.

Bank-run Open

If there was something of an old-time picnic flavor to this Open, there was also order. Cherry Hills, no question about it, was far better prepared to run the championship than any club had ever been before. Nothing was overlooked, everything seemed to move without effort. It is significant that the general chairman, Mr. H. R. Berglund, took a leave of absence from his business two years ago and spent the intervening months working solely on the Open.

Because of these circumstances, it would be agreeable to report that the

course itself presented an unusually good championship test. This, I am afraid, was not the case. Cherry Hills is simply too short a layout to examine the skills of our present-day professional and amateur stars. Time, moreover, has outmoded some of the strategic features of its topography. It does have four excellent short holes, and the last five holes, designed to be punishing, add up to a rough finishing stretch, but no less than seven of its par-4s play as a drive and a short pitch for the likes of Palmer and his colleagues.

At the same time, Cherry Hills did possess a certain degree of difficulty, for the greens were small, well guarded with traps and water hazards and, above all, hard to hold unless the

TURN PAGE FOR MORE PICTURES
TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



STARTLED SANDERS, TRANSFIXED IN ACT OF ADDRESSING SHOT, STARES AT BUBBLES WHERE FISH DISAPPEARED IN POND

Boil and Bubbles

Everybody knew that the huge water hazard at Cherry Hills would make trouble for U.S. Open competitors, but nobody was prepared for the bizarre blowups it provoked on opening day. First, Doug Sanders was startled by a splashing fish as he prepared to drive. He promptly hooked his shot into the water. Then smoldering Tommy Bolt popped two balls into the pond, boiled over completely and feed the offending club after the errant balls.

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman



BERSERK BOLT STARTLES PLAYING PARTNER CLAUDE HADRON AS HE SUDDENLY REARS BACK AND BURLS CLUB INTO WATER

A Foggy Frustration

The crew dived in ghostly white, the 66-foot cutter *New Song* gropes toward the starting line at Brenton Reef, bound for Bermuda, 686 miles away. Somewhere near by, shrouded in the worst fog to hit the Rhode Island coast in a month, a record entry of 134 other yachts luffed and tacked around the lightskip for nearly two hours waiting for the starter's gun, finally got off the mark without a collision.

Photograph by Richard Meek





Cave Crawlers' Caper

Photograph by Herman Henler



Strung out along a snaking, subterranean trail in the Big Room of New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns, a convention of hard-hatted American cave explorers, mostly members of the National Speleological Society, pose amidst age-old stalactites and stalagmites. Subsequently, they followed U.S. Park Service guides through a rarely visited 23-mile labyrinth of pitch-black underground passages.



THE LONG DAY OF TENSION FINALLY CATCHES UP WITH DANNY, AS HIS FATHER ANXIOUSLY AWAITS ARRIVAL OF NINTH AND LAST TEAM

By Roy Terrell

THE SIGNING OF DANNY MURPHY

Hard work and a \$100,000 bonus landed the year's prize youngster for the Cubs

by ROY TERRELL

LAST WEEK the Chicago Cubs, of all people, gave \$100,000 to a 17-year-old boy, making him the highest-priced bonus baby of 1968 and one of the most expensive baseball properties of all time. His name is Daniel Francis Murphy III, which is worth something, of course, but hardly \$100,000. To surrender Phil Wrigley's money, the Cubs had to go all the way to Beverly, Mass., a small town 29 miles north of Boston, and outtalk the other major league teams. The reason the Cubs consid-

ered all this worthwhile was because Danny Murphy can hit a baseball.

From the time he was 6 Danny Murphy has been hitting baseballs, hard. When he was very small, the Murphys lived in a house with a cellar 40 feet long which happens to be the regulation Little League pitching distance. Every night throughout the long New England winters Mr. Murphy would come home from his job as a timer at the United Shoe Machinery Corp. and play baseball in the cellar with Danny.

Eventually, all the broken water pipes paid off. Danny was playing Little League ball with boys 10, 11 and 12 when he was only 7. By the time he was 11 he had won two league batting championships, a home run championship, pitched a smattering

of no-hitters and been requested by fathers of other Little Leaguers to go play somewhere else. Last summer, at 16, Danny was home run champion of the very fast Nova Scotia semipro league; last week he pitched and batted St. John's Prep to the eastern Massachusetts state high school championship. When Danny turned in his St. John's uniform and arrived home, the big league scouts were waiting. Some of them had been waiting for almost 10 years.

The practice of handing grandiose sums of money to young boys who have done nothing to earn it is a phenomenon peculiar to big league baseball. The clubs are not necessarily happy about the bonus system; but they know that in the frantic competition to sign youngsters who may one day become superstars they must pay and pay big, or wake up one season and find themselves in eighth place. The teams which can afford to gamble do not mind the spectacular and well-publicized failures as long as they occasionally can come up with a Johnny Antonelli, a Bob-in-Roberts or even an Andy Carey.

continued

This is frank talk!

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(don't you wish everybody did?)

DANNY MURPHY *continued*

In Danny Murphy the scouts knew they had a good bet. He looks like a ballplayer and he moves like one. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and a trim, solid 185 pounds; he is a left-handed pull hitter with outstanding power; he has an arm that makes even big league scouts blink. In Danny Murphy, the big leagues also saw other qualities: intelligence, spirit, maturity and self-control.

Eight happy Murphys

The Murphys, eight of them, live in a large, two-story gray house on Cabot Street in downtown Beverly, in the rear of which Danny's grandfather, Dr. Daniel Francis Murphy Sr., has been practicing medicine for more than 40 years. It is Dr. Murphy who says that young Danny is a throwback to his great-grandfather, Humphrey Daniel Murphy, once baseball champion of County Kerry in Ireland. The other children are Maureen, Lenny, Kevin and Janet. Maureen, 16, is very pretty, like her mother. Lenny, 12, plays baseball but would rather go lobstering. Kevin, 9, is a long-ball-hitting Little League catcher, firmly convinced the major league scouts are already watching him, too. Janet, 5, doesn't do much



MR. MURPHY EMBRACES CUBS' MERULLO

except eat and run around with boys.

Danny, Lenny and Kevin share a large room filled with baseball books and pictures and pennants. The Red Sox are over Lenny's bed, and the Yankees are over Kevin's. Danny has been careful recently to show no preference for any team and the wall over his bed is bare. "I just want to be a big leaguer," he has said time and again. "I don't care what team. I'd like to go to college and maybe I will, between seasons, but if I can get as much as \$50,000 for signing a

baseball contract, I'd be foolish to pass up the chance. I know it sounds awful, but I'm going to sign with the club that makes the best offer."

The Cubs were supposed to have the edge because of the family's deep friendship with Lenny Merullo, Chicago's New England scout. But both Mr. Murphy and Danny said no, this was not going to influence them a bit. Besides, Merullo is not Danny's godfather, as has been reported. He is Janet's. Actually, Danny leaned toward the Orioles.

The evening Danny finished his high school career, those teams still interested telephoned to make appointments for the next day. Mr. Murphy allotted each one 30 minutes. "We have done all the preliminary talking we need to," he said, thinking back over the months during which the Murphys had entertained an almost continuous stream of big league scouts. "I think 30 minutes is enough for anybody to make an offer." Nine teams were on the list: Cardinals, Athletics, Tigers, White Sox, Braves, Pirates, Red Sox, Cubs, Orioles. It was about what the Murphys expected. The other big league teams were either loaded with young outfielders, or were spending their bonus budget on catchers and pitchers, or simply weren't spending big

DRIBLE CONTINGENT CROSSED STREET FROM ARDO HOTEL AS POSSIBLE BONUS BABY OF FUTURE IS PUSHED PAST MURPHY'S PORCH





bonus money this year. Mr. Murphy made one thing clear. "This is not going to turn into a bidding match," he said. "No team is going to get a chance to raise its original offer. This may not be customary. I'm sure we could command a higher price by allowing some of you to rebid. But we feel this is the most honorable way to handle the affair."

Day of days

Wednesday, June 15, 1960, was the big day. It went like this:

7 a.m.—Mrs. Murphy awakens,
makes coffee.

8—Dr. Murphy comes down for coffee, goes to office.

8:30—The first of many photographers and reporters arrives, thoughtfully bringing three dozen doughnuts, and drinks a cup of coffee.

8:35—Cardinals phone, Scout George Kiesel says he will make offer over telephone instead of coming to house. Makes offer. "It wasn't too bad," says Mr. Muroha.

8:45—Rest of Murphys now up, except for Danny. "Are you going to sign today or not?" his mother asks. "Bring 'em up here," says Danny, "and I'll sign 'em all."

9—Kevin and Lenny start ball game in backyard with four friends.

9:30—Janet comes in with three boy friends, snatches up some bonus doughnuts. "She has more boy friends," says Maureen. "Why doesn't she have any girl friends?" "She's a tomboy," says Mrs. March.

9:50—Kansas City arrives. Farm Director Henry Peters and Scout Bill

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Enos go into living room with Danny and Mr. Murphy. Close door.

10:25—Athletics leave. "We made Danny the best offer we have ever made a boy," says Peters. "We were surprised," says Mr. Murphy.

10:35—Backyard ball game called in third inning because of neighbors. "They say we trample their flowers," says Kevin. Score was 13-11.

10:50—Detroit Scout Lew Caspell arrives, grins toothlessly at everybody, goes in living room.

10:55—Caspell comes out. "I may not have my teeth," says Caspell, "but I can still talk fast. I'm just afraid the Tigers aren't as rich as some of these other clubs." Mrs. Murphy makes more coffee. Ron Northey of the White Sox goes in.

11:15—Northey comes out. Won't comment on White Sox offer but mentions that his son hit .817 last year in a Chicago Little League.

11:30—Time out for lunch. Mr. Murphy goes upstairs to catch a nap.

Danny drives off in family Ford to eat alone at local diner. Mrs. Murphy goes out to buy more coffee. Kevin and Lenny descend upon corner drugstore. Maureen has large bowl of ice cream. Janet disappears.

1 p.m.—Farm Director John Mullen, Scout Jeff Jones of Braves arrive.

1:30—North Shore Gas Co. service truck pulls up. Royalman Arthur Fontaine comes in to replace motor in clothes drier. "What's going on here?" he asks.

1:50—Braves come out, said they spent their time trying to talk Mr. Murphy into allowing second bids. "The Murphys are fine people," says Mullen. "I know they're sincere. But we like open competition. We made an offer, but we're willing to go a lot higher. If the Murphys change their minds they know where to reach us. I doubt that they will. We're sorry. We'd sure like to have that boy."

1:55—Scout Bob Whalen of Pirates goes in.

2—Whalen comes out, stops for coffee. "Isn't this silly?" he asks. "In

the '30s I used to sit in my living room and boys who wanted to play baseball would come to me."

2:10—Red Sox Scout Neil Mahoney arrives. "I don't see how the Red Sox can afford to let Danny get away," says Whalen. "Local boy. Man, would he draw here."

2:30—Lee Merullo and Farm Director Ray Hayworth of Cubs arrive. Merullo, usually relaxed and very pleasant, is drawn and tenses. At 2:38, Mahoney comes out, they go in, Mahoney says yes, indeed, the Red Sox made a good offer. How could Boston afford not to for a local boy, particularly one with a name like that?

2:45—Janet comes in with a girl friend. Maureen looks relieved. Janet has lunch, a sandwich.

3:10—Cubs leave, without coffee. Harry Hesse of Yankees phones, says he'd like to drop by and shake hands. Mr. Murphy shrugs, says O.K.

3:35—Mrs. Murphy eats lunch. Ham sandwich.

3:50—Hesse of Yankees arrives,



shakes hands, drinks coffee, wishes Danny good luck, shakes hands. Mr. Murphy shrugs. "We made our offer earlier," says Hesse to reporters outside. "Yeah," says Danny, "they tried to sell me Ruth and Gehrig."

3:33—Man passing by on street calls out, "Has he signed yet?" Report says local bettors are laying odds on which club lands Danny. Orioles favored, Braves second, Cubs, Tigers, Cardinals third.

3:40—Janet comes in with boy friend. Drinks milk.

3:45—Orioles arrive: President Lee MacPhail, Farm Director Jim McLaughlin, Comptroller Joe Hammer, Scouts Frank McGowan, Joe Casco.

4—Orioles leave. Danny and Mr. Murphy get in car, drive off, say they will announce decision by 5:45.

4:30—In nearby Rockport, at his sister-in-law's house, Mr. Murphy phones Merullo. "It's you, Lenny," he says. "We picked the Cubs." "Wow!" says Merullo. "Thank you, Doc. We'll be right out."

6:40—Formal contract signed in Murphy's living room.

Actually, Danny Murphy made his decision the moment the Cubs made their offer. "It was fantastic," he said later. "I couldn't believe it. I was so happy that in the car when I told Dad what I wanted to do, I cried." For a 17-year-old boy, he had held up pretty well.

Later, news reports were to say that the Cubs gave him \$125,000. Some even said \$135,000. Danny Murphy received a bonus of exactly \$100,000, to be paid over a five-year period. Of this amount he will get to keep about \$68,000 after taxes. The Cubs signed him to a 1960 contract for \$10,000, which is \$2,500 over the major league minimum. A baseball rule says that player contracts cannot exceed one year, but Phil Wrigley has never cut a player's salary, so Danny stands to receive at least \$150,000 in bonus and salary during the next five years.

Finally, the Cubs offered him an immediate chance at playing in the big leagues, which, to Danny, was

very important. Two days after signing, Danny was with the Cubs in Cincinnati. On Saturday he played, taking over center field while Richie Ashburn went to the bench. On Sunday he got his first big league hit.

The Orioles offered Danny \$90,000, and the toughest thing for the Murphys was to turn Baltimore down. The Athletics were third, to everyone's surprise, with \$80,000. The Pirates offered \$75,000. None of the others were close, although the Braves, like the Orioles, made it plain that they would have bid all night.

While photographers were taking Danny's picture in a Cub shirt with No. 34 on the back (he has always worn No. 6) and in a cap one size too small, someone reminded Mr. Murphy that June 15 was his 19th wedding anniversary.

"Oh, my Lord," said Mr. Murphy. "I forgot. I didn't get Ann a thing." "Well," said the other, "maybe she'll settle for \$100,000."

Janet giggled and went off to get a bowl of ice cream.

END



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SPECTACLE

Photographed by Mark Kauffman

'Paris Racing Is the Best...'

So says Photographer Mark Kauffman. "It's like a beautiful woman," he reflects, and adds, "Lovely women and finely formed Thoroughbreds are an unbeatable combination."

Kauffman, now working in Europe for *L'Espresso*, is a devoted racegoer. With his pictures of three Paris tracks on the following pages he has submitted some personal observations which confirm the sensitivity that has made him one of the world's best sports photographers:

"At all the tracks the greenest turf you will ever see forms a backdrop for jockeys' silks, the shimmering horses, the delicate, aristocratic women. At Longchamp on a spring Sunday the marvelously articulate French faces intermingle lightly with the smell of perfume. At Le Tremblay there is the tiny paddock with a thatched-roof pavilion where jockeys and owners confer. . . . At St. Cloud, the horses pull up after the finish under giant chestnut trees. . . . Everywhere, people are close to the animals—which makes the sport. At American tracks the racegoer's intimacy is limited to the cold face behind the 32 window. In Paris he virtually sits on the horse as it parades under trees and weaves through the crowd on to the track. Yes—Paris racing is the best."

Of the three tracks shown here, Le Tremblay (opposite) is the smallest. Its stands accommodate only about 7,000. During the war, however, when Longchamp was closed, important races like the Grand Prix de Paris were held there. Auteuil (on the pages following) is within the city limits and is France's leading jumping track. It was nearly demolished during the war and wholly rebuilt afterward. Largest of the three, its grandstand holds up to 65,000, Longchamp, the eldest and most glamorous, is in the heart of the beautiful Paris park, the Bois de Boulogne. On its site 700 years ago Isabelle of France, sister of Louis IX, founded the Abbaye de l'Humilité, a retreat which lasted for five centuries. All of the abbey buildings are now gone, except for the famous Longchamp landmark—a windmill which stands just a few feet from the starting point of France's biggest race, the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe.

Long the scene of infernal racing among the nobility (one blueblood bet—and lost—his mistress), Longchamp was officially inaugurated by Emperor Napoleon III on an April Sunday in 1857. He and Empress Eugénie arrived during the third race, by yacht up the Seine from the Tuilleries. For the Grand Prix or the Arc de Triomphe more than 50,000 crowd Longchamp's course—among them the butchers and bakers of Paris, as well as its smartest women.

*Late spring sun catches lone rider
cantering away from paddock gate
over Le Tremblay's turf*









The field goes to the post over the smooth turf at Longchamps, outside the cool greenery of the Bois de Boulogne



I
knew
right away
I would
like you.
You're so
simple
and
uncomplicated.
Vodka,
**Rose's
Lime Juice**
and a
single
island
of ice.
What do
they
call you?
Gimlet?
Why that's
a perfectly
adorable
name!

Gin is also great for the Gimlet.
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka
to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice,
in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND





"For the past 32 years I have led a satisfying double life, coaching collegians and Olympians in the fine points of competitive swimming and teaching fundamentals to children. If I had to choose between the two, I would say I have derived more satisfaction from working with the youngsters. When I teach a child, I feel I am really helping him three ways at once. When he does his first lap in a pool, a child may be on his way to becoming a champion. But even if he never wins a race, he has learned a form of exercise he can enjoy all his life. Equally important, by learning to swim well he takes the first safe step into skin-diving, water skiing, sailing and the whole worthwhile world of water sports."—MATT MASH

PART I

TEACH YOUR CHILD TO SWIM

Beginning this week with the basic crawl stroke, a celebrated coach presents his simple and direct method for launching children safely into water

by **MATT MANN**

Illustrated by Ed Vebell

THE most pleasant of summer sounds, I think, is that of people—adults and children—laughing, shouting, busily enjoying themselves in the water. It's a happy sound that gets louder by the year, and with another summer upon us, I offer water-minded adults this reminder: as we find more new and different ways to enjoy the water, we are all the more obligated to see that the youngsters know how to swim well so they may safely join us. With this idea in mind, I offer here a guide on how to teach children to swim.

In this issue I present the methods I use for teaching the crawl stroke. It is the stroke a child should first learn, because of the various strokes practiced today it is the most efficient—the best combination of speed and ease in the water. In later issues I will take up the other two strokes—the back- and breaststroke—that are practical for average swimmers.

Before I get into particulars, there are several general points you should consider. If you plan to teach a child, you need first to examine yourself to

determine if you are fit for the job. I will repeatedly stress the importance of ease and relaxation and rhythm. If you yourself are not at ease in the water, if you do not swim easily, relaxed, with a reasonable respect for fundamentals, you will do better to turn your pupil over to an experienced instructor.

You may already have taught children by some method of your own, or you may know professional instructors whose techniques differ from those shown on these pages. There is certainly more than one route to competent swimming. No matter what the approach, however, the goal for the beginner is a comfortable and efficient crawl stroke; and the essence of my method is to keep the process simple, direct and enjoyable. I take the pupil on a very direct route to crawl swimming. I purposely avoid any interim stage such as the traditional, inefficient dog paddle that is not easy and relaxed and is apt to induce bad thrashing habits or bad rhythm that will have to be corrected later.

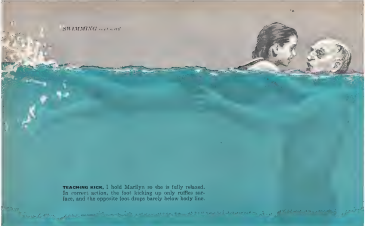
You will notice in the illustrations by Artist Ed Vebell that my pupil is a young girl. She is Marilyn Conon, age 9, undoubtedly a favorite pupil

of mine since she is my granddaughter. Marilyn can swim a quarter mile with ease (she has gone well over a mile), but we have not selected her because she is by any means a swimming prodigy. She is our sample pupil because she falls in the right age bracket, the years 5 through 9. There are children who have learned earlier, but usually a child progresses faster after the age of 5. In any event, there is no rush. Even if your child learned earlier, you would scarcely turn your back and give a toddler unsupervised access to the water. The age of 9 is a flexible upper limit; anyone in good health can learn at any age if he is willing. But remember, for a child, swimming is a big new project, and you must keep it challenging and pleasurable if you want to have a willing pupil.

When you teach, do not hurry. Remember that the ability of your child to beat all the neighborhood kids in a short thrash across the pool by the end of summer is no measure of success. Speed in the water lies well beyond the primary aim of easy swimming. How quickly your pupil learns will depend on his natural ability and enthusiasm, the frequency of the lessons and even on the sort of water available. The best site for teaching, all told, is a lake or bay with a gradually sloping, safe bottom. A swimming pool with a sloping shallows is about as good, and in my method, where the child seldom touches bottom, a pool four and a half or five feet deep—so the water level is high on the teacher's chest—will do. At most ocean beaches, of course, you have to choose your day.

One further word before we proceed to actual teaching: if you expect to find in my advice any magic words that will make your pupil an easy swimmer overnight, don't bother to read further. I offer you what I have gathered over the years. You have to want to teach; your pupil has to want to swim. That's the only magic there is in it.

**FOR DETAILS ON TEACHING
THE CRAWL TURN THE PAGE**



TEACHING KICK. I hold Marilyn so she is fully relaxed. In correct action, the feet kicking up only ruffle surface, and the opposite legs drop barely below body line.

FIRST: THE KICK

Good crawl swimming is essentially a harmony of three actions: the kick, the arm stroke and the breathing. Like most instructors, I begin with the kick, adding the other two actions to it. But first I make sure that the pupils are used to the feel of water on the body. By the time they are old enough to learn to swim most youngsters have frolicked in water and have ducked their heads in water of their own accord. In my method, however, the pupil need not at the start be accustomed to ducking the head.

If I were introducing my granddaughter Marilyn to water for the first time I would hold her hand and wade around with her until she was at ease in water up to her waist. If a shallow is available, I would have her kneel in foot-deep water, lean over and put her hands on the bottom. Then I would encourage her to lower herself to a prone position, where she can walk around on her hands, trailing her legs or kicking them gently. This is not so much to teach her to kick as to get her used to water. At a pool where there is no shallow, I seat

her on the edge so she can kick gently in the water. The correct kick action is not easy from such a position on the pool edge, but here again, my prime aim is to give her a feel of the water.

Relaxation above all

Since Marilyn will have almost all her bosom in water over her head, I next have her sit in my arms, kicking her feet gently and loosely while I walk back and forth in deep water. As I carry her thus, with her arms around my neck, I joke and talk about anything distracting. From this point on, my sense of touch becomes an important guide to Marilyn's progress. If she is tense, I can feel it as well as see it.

After a few informal sessions like this, when I am sure that Marilyn is relaxed and ready for actual kicking practice, I again carry her into water that comes high on my chest. While Marilyn holds one hand on either side of my neck, I slip my hands around to the front of her hips and, by gently pressing up, help her

to lie prone in the water (see above).

The crawl kick is essentially an alternating action of the legs—as one leg is lifting up in a vertical plane, the other is dropping down. The action for this movement emanates from the hips. The feet should be limp, the legs essentially straight but the knees relaxed so that each knee flexes slightly and naturally as each leg is finishing the lift up.

When I explain the mechanics to Marilyn in simple terms, above all I encourage her to take it easy. Her kick should not be fast. She should not throw a shower of spray but only ruffle the surface, the back half of her foot, at the most, breaking water. On the down beat her feet should go about nine inches deep. But in teaching youngsters, I do not worry about microscopic precision. Rather, I try to inculcate an efficient action, an easy, natural rhythm. She must practice the kick until it is virtually automatic, so that when she starts using her arms she will continue kicking correctly without giving her legs a thought.

There are two errors—purposely exaggerated in the illustrations at right—beginners are apt to commit

when they kick. The most common is overkicking and bending the knee too much. In this case, the whole foot and part of the leg comes out and slaps back into the water, an obvious waste. I correct it by having the pupil stiffen the knee and kick less vigorously. The other beginner's error is flexing each knee through the down beat, at the same time thrusting the thigh forward so that the leg, rather than moving up and down, pumps back and forth. Bicycling we call this, and it is inefficient since each forward thrust of the thigh opposes the swimmer's forward progress. I correct this by having the child concentrate on stretching the legs back, trying to keep the whole body, toe to head, in a horizontal plane while kicking.

When a pupil kicks correctly, usually you can feel the gentle forward thrust. You should yield to it by backing up so the child progresses slowly through the water. Sometimes the kick lacks good, but you feel little or no thrust. If this is so with your pupil, don't worry about it. Propulsion is truly secondary. The greatest values of the kick, for beginners particularly, are the stability

and lift it affords to the lower half of the body.

While Marilyn practices the kick, I instruct her to breathe through her mouth as well as her nose. For awhile yet she will hold her face above water; but by breathing through the mouth now she will be more relaxed and do it more instinctively when she puts her face in the water, as she must in the finished crawl stroke.

When Marilyn has acquired reasonable competence in kicking, I put an inflated tube around her waist. The tube should be small so that it does not buoy her up unnaturally high. It now serves in place of my hands to support Marilyn in mid-body. At first, as she practices kicking with the tube on and her arms extended straight ahead, I hold her with my hands high on her upper arms. Gradually I slide my hold down her arms until finally I am merely holding her hands in mine. As I thus increase the distance between us, I do not have as good a sense of feel. Therefore, I must be careful to see that she does not get tense; and I must watch to be sure there is no excessive twisting of the torso. From the hips up,

she should be almost totally relaxed.

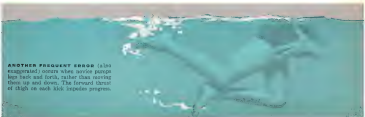
Some experienced swimmers may object to the use of a tube, since it is a crutch which eventually will have to be removed. True, it is a crutch. But remember, when Marilyn started I was her crutch. The tube, in effect, is only replacing me, allowing me to get further away and in a better position when I start teaching her the arm action combined with the kick. As I increase the distance between us, if neither the tube nor my hands supported her in mid-body Marilyn would start working harder to stay up and would be obliged to put her feet down more often in the shallow water.

In each lesson I will often give her recess to rest and play around. But in the actual practice the tube is a far better aid than constant reliance on the bottom. With a tube she gets accustomed to being at ease in the correct prone position, where she can learn the kicking action slowly and easily and at the same time earn for herself the all-important sense of balance that is necessary when she starts practicing the arm action.

FOR DETAILS ON TEACHING
AND ACTION TURN PAGE



MOST COMMON ERROR is overkicking and flexing knee too much so foot and leg break water. This retakes, exaggerated here, wastes energy and upsets swimmer's balance by creating dead weight in air.



ANOTHER FREQUENT ERROR (also exaggerated) occurs when novice pumps legs back and forth, rather than moving them up and down. The forward thrust of thigh on each kick impedes progress.

USING THE ARMS

Teaching the use of the arms in the crawl can be simple provided the teacher understands a few subtleties that are not apparent to the casual eye. A good crawl swimmer who seems to be pulling himself with his arms is actually *catching* the water as each hand enters straight ahead of him and then pressing straight down and back. In relation to the water, the hand holds one spot while the body moves past. During the press, the hand should be in line with the forearm, pressing flat against the water, the fingers preferably together.

A swimmer gets the most lift and power in the first part of the press, from the catch until the arm has traveled slightly past a position at right angle to the body. Throughout this power zone the whole arm, shoulder to fingertips, is straight but not stiff, so that there will be a slight, natural bending at the elbow as the swimmer starts to ease off pressure past the power zone. There are good swimmers who continue pressing hard until the hand sweeps back up along the hip. But for average swimmers it is better to ease off pressure in the last part of the underwater press until the hand is virtually drifting as it comes up alongside the hip.

Learning by doing

When the hand is alongside the hip the shoulder rises slightly and the arm begins to lift out of the water to start what we call the recovery. As a normal counter movement, at this moment the opposite shoulder dips as the other arm begins to press. During the first part of the recovery the elbow of the recovering arm is bent and relaxed. The upper arm, swinging forward from the shoulder, serves as a lever to carry the rest of the arm forward until the whole arm straightens out ahead, ready to catch and press again.

When teaching a child as young as Marilyn, there is no reason to dwell on such technicalities. I explain the stroke in simple terms, and, more important, I show her by putting her through the motions, so that she learns by feeling the movements in

her muscles. In the illustrations at the right, as Marilyn lies prone in water over her head, supported in mid-body by the small tube, I am holding her wrists between thumb and fingers, almost as if taking her pulse. In this way her hands are free to feel the water, to press gently. When I first show her the stroke, I guide one arm through the cycle while holding the other on the surface. When she has the feel of each arm separately, I then move her arms in alternation.

While she practices the arm action, Marilyn is kicking. In the illustrations at the right we have deliberately excluded the leg action, because knowing where each leg is at each moment of the full arm cycle is no help in teaching the arm movements or in coordinating arms and legs. Coordination will come naturally provided the child continues kicking while learning to use the arms.

While not needing to know the precise relation of feet and arms through a whole cycle, you may wonder at this point how many beats of the feet a child should take for each full cycle of the arms. Two beats, four beats, six beats—it need not bother you too much. Usually a child who keeps kicking easily while practicing the arm action comes naturally into a six-beat kick, which, for those of you unfamiliar with the term, means the feet, moving up and down, pass each other six times while the arms complete a full cycle. You may also notice in the illustrations that Marilyn's arms are not always exactly a half cycle apart from each other. Even in easy swimming there is a tendency for each arm to catch up during the recovery, then lag behind during the press. Water is buoyant; air is not. Logically then, it is desirable to move the arm more slowly while it is pressing, propelling and lifting the swimmer, and to speed it up above water where it is only a burden. This catching up, or overlapping as it is sometimes called, is a subtlety of timing that also comes naturally if the child learns easily and relaxed.

FOR DETAILS ON TEACHING THE
POWER BEATINGS TURN PAGE



HOLDING Marilyn's arms, I guide them through correct cycle. At this moment, the right arm is pressing slowly as left arm finishes recovery.



RIGHT ARM accelerates as it begins recovery. The left arm, starting slow press, lags behind. Arms are now about half cycle apart.



LEFT ARM continues pressing through power zone. Right arm, now moving faster through the recovery, keeps gaining on the left.



FINISHING recovery, right arm is about to catch water while left arm finishes press. Arm positions are opposite to those in top drawing.





HOLDING HEAD gently, I guide Marilyn's face to the right side as her right shoulder rises at start of the recovery.

LEARNING TO BREATHE

BREATHING is the No. 1 problem for incompetent swimmers. Most poor swimmers thrash around too much or are too tense in the water. As a result they need more air than they can easily get; and usually, in trying to get more air, they work still harder, among other things raising the head too high, creating a need for still more air. But when a good swimmer is traveling slowly, the more he keeps all parts of his body, including his head, in the water, the higher he will ride and the less effort he will need to move. It follows, then, that such a swimmer needs less air. Thus, for a model pupil like Marilyn, who has learned to kick and use her arms competently, the final problem is essentially a simple one of learning to take each breath by lifting the head out of the water

as little and as easily as possible.

The sequence of drawings opposite shows the breathing action in the crawl stroke. When she is not taking a breath, the swimmer keeps her face submerged, the water breaking about at the hairline. When one arm catches and presses—let's say the left arm—the swimmer rolls slightly to the left side. The opposite shoulder—the right shoulder, in this case—is riding higher, facilitating recovery of the right arm out of water. This is an opportune moment to take a breath on the right side, since the swimmer need only turn her face slightly more to the right to bring mouth and nose above the water level. The breath is taken quickly, and as the right arm—the arm on the breathing side—comes forward in the recovery, the face turns back until it is again un-

der. An accomplished swimmer holds the breath until the face is again straight down, exhaling through pursed lips as the head starts to turn back up at the end of the stroke. Although I have picked the right side here for purposes of demonstration, I have found beginners can be taught to breathe on either side.

With the correct breathing action in mind, let us go back and pick up our novice. When teaching Marilyn to kick, you recall, I had her practice breathing through both mouth and nose at the same time. Now I ask her to start kicking again. At the same time I take her wrists and start guiding her through the arm stroke. As she catches the water with the left hand I tell her to turn her face (still above water) to the right side and exhale, inhale through nose and mouth. Then, as she brings her right arm forward, I tell her to turn her face to the front again. While she practices this, I guide her vocally: "Turn, exhale, inhale, front." When Marilyn gets the rhythm, I will gradually remove my hands from her wrists, leaving only the small tube to support her.

Her next project is to get used to putting her face underwater, at the same time holding her breath and opening her eyes. For this I take her into shallower water where she can stand, still wearing the tube. While I hold her hands, I have her push off the bottom and kick up to the surface and keep kicking as she floats face down, holding her breath. When she can hold this position for five seconds I have her kick up to the surface again, in exactly the same manner. But now, when she reaches the surface, she uses her arms and also practices the breathing action, turning her face up to exhale and inhale. I still hold her hands as she kicks up, then let go and gently place one hand on either side of her face to guide her in coordinating head with stroke, as shown in the illustration (above). When her coordination is good I remove my hands from her face and let her practice supported only by the tube. For the present, to give her better buoyancy, she continues to hold

her breath underwater, both exhaling and inhaling when the mouth is above water. As she improves she will, of her own accord, start exhaling sooner, while the face is still under.

We now go back and start over without the tube. At first she does the kick with my hands supporting her hips, as we did at the very start. In supporting her now, however, I reach way out, keeping my arms very close together so she will have clearance on either side to carry out the arm action and to rotate the face for breathing. If necessary—it depends on the size of the child—I will slide my hands forward to her abdomen or lower chest.

For a while after the tube is removed she will have the feeling of being heavier in the water. I am careful to see that she stays relaxed and does not fight to offset the sinking feeling. Gradually, as she picks up the proper slow rhythm, I feel her getting lighter. Accordingly, I lessen the pressure of my hands, until I cannot feel her weight at all. Then I drop my hands away so she is actually going a stroke or two on her own. When I remove my hands, I back away ahead of her, keeping my hands just below her body, ready to apply pressure again if I notice her struggling too much.

When she can do six or eight strokes in this manner she is swimming. But she is not a swimmer. I must still watch to see that she does not develop bad thrashing habits. And without becoming a big bore, I must, by every sort of challenge that appeals to a child, see that she keeps practicing, swimming a little farther day by day, and always swimming easily and relaxed.

TWO OTHER STROKES

In forthcoming issues Matt Marx will round out his lessons in basic swimming with detailed instructions, again illustrated by Artist Ed Yebell, on how you can teach your child to master the backstroke and the breaststroke.



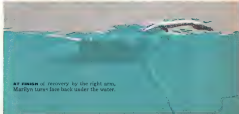
AS LEFT ARM starts recovery and right begins to press, Marilyn's face is under.



AT FINISH of the recovery by the left arm, Marilyn's face remains under the water.



AS RIGHT ARM starts recovery and left presses, Marilyn turns her face up for air.



AT FINISH of recovery by the right arm, Marilyn turns face back under the water.

Legal hobbyhorse

Jeb Wofford, to some a pest and to others a pioneer, may become the first athlete to sue his way onto a U.S. team

AT precisely 8 a.m. 29 years ago a cavalry captain in Front Royal, Va. got out of bed to answer the telephone. A son, he learned, had been born to his good friends, First Lieut. and Mrs. "Gyp" Wofford. The awakened captain, now a retired general and a director of the U.S. Equestrian Team, recalls the night all too well. "That boy," he says, not without malice, "has caused people nothing but trouble since the day he was born."

"That" boy is John E. B. (Jeb) Wofford, now of Millard, Kan., who, after a five-year legal battle, may have succeeded in suing himself onto a U.S. Olympic team. Backed by a court order, Jeb Wofford, once declared ineligible for life by the USET, will be jumping horses over fences and riding them across country and through streams in the national three-day trials at Pebble Beach, Calif. this week.

No matter what the outcome is in California, Wofford can be counted upon to twang the stretched nerves of the equestrian officials. Strong men like Whitney Stone, the team's president, have been known to flush purple at the mere whisper of Wofford's name. Another USET director blames Wofford for a recently acquired but highly promising ulcer.

The odd thing about Wofford is that he does not look the part of an agitator. A millionaire bachelor, the smooth-cheeked, neatly barbered and manicured Wofford is regarded by his friends as an equestrian Douglas Fairbanks, romantically doing battle with entrenched fuddy-duddies who hold too tight a rein over the last of the aristocratic Olympic sports. The trouble, Wofford's friends think, goes back to the days when

the U.S. cavalry supplied the teams for all international equestrian competitions. The sport was obviously exclusive then, and it was the intention of those directing it to keep it that way even after armored vehicles put an end to the U.S. cavalry.

A new civilian organization was chartered in 1959, and Wofford's father, Colonel Gyp, was made president. A former Olympic competitor turned coach, and a rich man, he was attuned to the military and the "hunt-breakfast set" nuances of the sport. Supplying horses and money to help keep the organization going, he seemed a perfect choice for the job, but eventually he found himself at odds with both military and civilian members. He resigned the presidency, although he stayed on as coach. Those who support Jeb Wofford believe that he fell heir to his father's coat-tails was greater than his ability on a horse.

On paper, Wofford's record is good, but his detractors point out that because of his father he has always had the best horses. It is not his riding that has disturbed equestrian people so much, however, as his behavior at competitions. Wofford has always been a loner with decided views on riding and training. Before the Helsinki Games in 1952 he was placed on probation for not following his coach's orders. "Imagine!" exploded a retired cavalry general. "A 20-year-old pup like Wofford thinking he knows more about horses than people who have been around them all their lives."

At the Games themselves, the U.S. team won the bronze medal, but Wofford's performance was the worst of

the team of three. Some of the more exercised members of the USET hoped that Wofford would give up the sport. Wofford had no such intention, and he went on to win at national trials with embarrassing regularity. He was first at Fort Riley in 1953 and second the following year at Nashville, and first at Oxford, Mich. in 1955. At Nashville he qualified for the Three Day Team in the Pan American Games, and two weeks later, at Hinsdale, Ill., for the show jumping team.

General Guy V. Henry, who had ridden in the first equestrian Olympics in 1912, admonished him by mail. "The Games committee feels that you may present a disciplinary hazard with the equestrian group. It sincerely hopes that such will not be the case. . . ."

But such was very quickly the case. The day that Wofford was out from the show jumping squad he gave a reporter an outspoken interview. Action could have been taken against him immediately, but Whitney Stone, new president of the USET, agreed that young Wofford could ride at his own expense in the open classes at Harrisburg and New York City, where the official show jumping squad was also competing. Later, however, Wofford presented a bill for feeding and freighting his horse and then sued the USET. (It was the principle involved, he pointed out, not the money; his family gave far more annually than the amount involved in the court action.) The USET eventually paid the \$5,190.50 demanded, but some cold words about gentleman's agreements and the esteem in which his father was held accompanied the check.

In the interim, there had been hot words at the Mexican Pan American Games. Colonel Wofford died in Kansas, and Jeb had to leave the training of his horses to sympathetic teammates. He returned to Mexico to find



SALUTING JUDGES, WOFFORD SIGNALS HE IS READY FOR GREENSBAY MESSAGE

that the horses had all been suffering from a form of pneumonia and were not fit, particularly for the cross-country, in Mexico's high altitude. In addition, several of his teammates' horses had been injured. Wofford gave the better conditioned of his two mounts to one of them, but then he himself fell into disagreement with team officials over the fitness of his own mount, Casavallana. It was agreed that Cass was not completely fit and that Wofford should not try for the horse points earned by speed. The important thing was to finish the course.

Wofford's idea of how to finish was original—between the fences he not only walked his horse but got off and walked on his own two feet. Finally the pair got together and crashed into an obstacle, giving Wofford a slight

concussion and the U.S. one of the highest penalty point totals ever amassed in an international competition. It was a double humiliation.

A questionnaire about Wofford's conduct which implied that he might have thrown the event was circulated to a select list. An anonymous "friend" mailed Wofford a copy. Wofford promptly sent a sharp letter to the USET expressing his annoyance. "From my experience of these confidential reports in the past," wrote Wofford, "I find they are usually read by more people than the funny papers."

After some further squabbling via the mail, the USET board went into a huddle, and in May of 1955 Wofford received a telegram announcing that it had been decided that Wofford was "temperamentally unsuited

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

to be accepted in the future as a candidate for qualification as a riding member of the United States Equestrian Team."

Wofford was not to be dismissed that easily. In the national trials at Oxford he beat every eligible candidate and won first place. Still the selection committee refused to consider him for the 1956 Olympic squad. As the time for the Stockholm departure drew nearer, Wofford and his lawyers arrived in New York to plead his case before the Olympic Association. Despite his unquestioned amateur standing and his victory in the nationals the association refused to reverse the USET ban, and he was kept off the team.

"We have not heard the last of this young man," wrote General Henry. He was right, of course. Wofford returned to Kansas, hired a new lawyer and started fighting to clear his name for 1960. In May 1957 the USET stopped struggling in malice on the grounds that it could not afford to spend money in court that should be dedicated to the horses. Wofford won a court order stating that he was eligible to try out for the team. Ever since, the order has been as basic a part of his athletic equipment as his boots and saddle. Armed with it, he has been able to command official recognition at all events in which he has wished to compete.

The latest instance came early this year when candidature was invited to apply for Olympic training. Wofford submitted his name and the USET bounced it right back, saying it did not consider him eligible. Wofford was back in a flash with court order and lawyer, and in no time he was training with the Three Day Team.

This week it is up to Jeb Wofford and his horses. A lame horse, a bad spill or better competitors and his five-year fight is over. But it will not have been in vain. In his way Jeb Wofford has become a pioneer. As J. Lyman Bingham, executive director of the Olympic Association, said after one of the many Wofford hearings, "When a Games committee tells us so-and-so is not suitable for a team, we accept that. I don't think that anybody has ever challenged that except Wofford." Not only did he challenge, he won. **END**

The boss's daughter

Marge Lindheimer Everett, tough and shrewd as old Ben, takes over his Chicago tracks

IN THE sometimes frantic world of Thoroughbred racing nobody moved with a more magisterial calm or exercised his great power more ruthlessly—or more tactfully—than Benjamin Franklin Lindheimer. When he died a fortnight ago of a heart attack at 69, he had parlayed these paradoxical talents into control of the two principal tracks between the coasts: Arlington and Washington parks in Chicago. Now the Lindheimer legacy falls to his adopted daughter Marjorie (right, above), a shy, tough-minded perfectionist, who thus assumes one of the most influential posts in the sport.

At 38, Marjorie Lindheimer Everett (she is married to Webb Everett, long the general manager of Golden Gate Fields in California) moves into a job for which she has been preparing nearly all her life. She started going to the races at an age when most little girls are furnishing dollhouses.

"I was never a particularly popular girl," she says, "so I was always thrown in with older people. In my teens I was a wallflower, while my sister was counting the times she was proposed to." Before she was 20 she had held a number of jobs at both tracks, including the switchboard—an assignment she was obliged to give up because of a faint lip.

After Ben Lindheimer suffered his first heart attack in 1949, Marjorie became his chief assistant. Actually, she functioned as the behind-the-scenes boss. As she took over the tracks' administrative details, it became clear that Marjorie had all of her father's competence and firm purpose but little of his tact, and she made a number of enemies. ("She can be as tough as a marine sergeant," says one track employee.) To her credit, she recognizes this special problem. "I'm not as diplomatic as I might be," she says, "and I have a very quick temper. It's a very unbecoming trait for a woman."

Most racing people, however, minimize this failing. They see in her devotion to racing and firm grasp of



MARGE WAS FATHER'S TRUSTED AIDE

its problems the assurance that Ben Lindheimer's tracks will continue to be among the sport's strongest. "Dad had a lot of plans for these tracks," Marjorie Lindheimer says.

Certainly Ben Lindheimer was the busiest of planners and schemers all of his life. He was a small, well-burnished man of great charm and great ambition. "I can remember when I was 12 or 13 years old," he once said. "I saw a terrible-looking barn—I can see him now, it was awful—and I can remember the fear that came into me, the fear of not making a success of myself." Lindheimer won success in three diverse fields: business, politics and sports.

In business, he acquired large pieces of real estate in Chicago and Los Angeles. While still in his 50s he received an offer of \$1 million and a \$100,000-a-year job for his holdings, and turned it down. In politics, he managed the 1932 campaign of the late Henry Horner, who became the second Democratic governor of Illinois in the 20th century. In sports, he financed the Los Angeles Dons of the abortive All-America Conference and, it was generally suspected, several other teams in the same pro football league. But for the last quarter century he chose to devote almost all of his time to racing.

Throughout those 25 years Lindheimer worked to change the "no-where" feeling many horsemen had about racing in the Midwest. "We're an inland here, between California in the West and New York in the East," he said. To lure horsemen away from

THE MATCH RACE between Swaps and Nashua was the high point of Lindheimer's career. In winner's circle (from left) are Lindheimer; Swaps's trainer, Milt Tenney, and his jockey, Willie Shoemaker; Actress Margaret O'Brien; Swaps's owner, Ilse Ellsworth; Nashua's jockey, Eddie Amaro, and his owner, the late William Woodward.



Hollywood Park and Aqueduct-Belmont, he used every possible device, from building a 97-day coordinated meeting to developing large grazing areas for the horses. Jimmy Jones of Calumet Farms can remember the pre-Lindheimer days, when he had the first barn at Arlington Park and "we had to water the horses out of the ditches on the first night." Lindheimer, says Jones, "was the savior of Chicago racing. I'd hate to say how far down the ladder it might have gone without him. Arlington Park became the finest track in the world—certainly the finest I've ever been on."

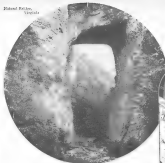
The great match race

The climax of Lindheimer's efforts to make his tracks the focal point of the racing world came in September 1955, when he staged the match race between Nashua and Swaps. "I worked on Rex Ellsworth [owner of Swaps] and Dad worked on Woodward [the late William Woodward, owner of Nashua]," Marge says. "Every track in the country was after the race." Lindheimer moved to put the race on television, even in the Chicago area. He encountered opposition from state officials, who feared the state would lose tens of thousands of dollars in matron taxes if fans stayed home to watch the race. "I told them it was worth it just to stimulate racing," said Lindheimer. The race attracted 35,000 people—despite television—and a handle of \$175,000.

Lindheimer made his tracks the most comfortable places in the nation in which to grow poor. He was the first to install escalators—16 at a time in Arlington Park. He put in air conditioning. He offered shuttle service from the far reaches of the parking lots to the gates of the track. He had mechanics room the parking area to spot flat tires and repair them while the owners were at the races or to help the owners get started if cars broke down after the races. He tried to give the bettors a clearer view of the race, finally installed huge TV screens so that they could watch the races on closed-circuit TV without stirring from the air-conditioned rooms. "At baseball and football games everybody has a chance to see all of the game," he said. "At most race tracks probably 85% of the people don't see the race because the eight lines are imperfect."

continued

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SPALDING
into the game in sports

No detail escaped his notice. He occasionally ate breakfast in the stable kitchens to determine the quality and cost of the food. At Washington Park he brought in a special fast-drying soil which would seldom turn up a muddy track after a heavy spring rain. He spent five years trying to find the best grass for the turf course at Arlington Park, finally settled on a blend of four strains that was allowed to grow six to eight inches long. At night Ben Lindheimer would go to bed at 8:30 and prop a large white tablet on his knees on which to record his thoughts and plans.

Those plans were armored by power. Years ago Lindheimer foresaw the tremendous impact the tollways would have upon Thoroughbred racing—and promptly "arranged" for the Illinois Tollway to be recruited to pass within a few hundred yards of Washington Park. (His track was the only private enterprise with signs along the tollway. Lindheimer's were similar in appearance to tollway signs and actually mounted on tollway directional signs.)

In Illinois his control of racing seemed almost mystical. To the distress of his competitors in Chicago, Sportsman's Park and Hawthorne Race Course, Lindheimer never failed to get from the Illinois Racing Board the dates he chose, including the three choice holiday dates—Memorial Day, the Fourth of July and Labor Day.

Perhaps his greatest power coup was extending the "Lindheimer season" to 97 days. In 1940 he added Arlington Park to his racing holdings, and immediately developed the first "coordinated meeting"—of 66 days—between Washington and Arlington parks. With control of two meetings, he was better able to cut expenses and offer horsemen special luxuries. With three meetings, he felt he would be able to do even more. His chance came in 1955, when a steel fabricator named Russell Reizeman and a construction man named Harry Nathanson bought the decaying Lincoln Fields plant and renamed it Balmoral. Lindheimer agreed to rent his staff and facilities at Washington Park to them for the Balmoral meeting—and to help them sell stock in the new corporation. Eighteen months later Reizeman and Nathanson awakened to the harsh fact that they no longer

controlled Balmora. Lindheimer had sold stock to his wife, his children, his in-laws, his doctor, his friends, the widows of his friends, even to his own corporations. (Arlington and Washington parks owned almost one-third of all the stock in Balmora; Balmora owned no stock in itself.) Reizenman and Nathanson were ousted as officers, and the Lindheimer slate was installed. Thus, with hardly a penny spent, he acquired a third racing meeting and extended the "Lindheimer season" to 97 days.

This highly complex, highly resourceful man often was generous and in many ways was public-spirited. Yet he ruined, crushed or humiliated a number of men, some of whom will no much as discuss him. One who rebelled was Jack (Greasy Thumb) Guzik, the Capone mobster who turned up with 400 shares of stock in Arlington and Washington parks. When Lindheimer barred Stockholder Guzik from Arlington Park, Guzik sued for an accounting of the funds and charged that Lindheimer had used \$485,000 of track monies to finance the Los Angeles Dome. In a court affidavit he described Lindheimer as a "person of evil reputation," and charged that "for many years he operated a handbook and gambling establishment." There were some who thought Guzik might know—but the mobster died before the case could ever be brought to trial.

Ben and the mob

Whether or not Lindheimer himself was involved with the mob is hard to determine. During World War II one of his important aides was said to be running a bookie operation in a trailer just outside the track, allegedly as a sop to the mob. The man was fired and the allegation was never proved. As recently as last April, a group of west side Democrats from Chicago—considered by some to be the political-action arm of the syndicate—held a meeting in a building which, ironically, Lindheimer once owned. At the meeting a Democratic politician reportedly boasted that "we're going to get the little a.o.b. this time."

Ben Lindheimer died before they could "get" him. Now it seems likely that Marge will, in her own way, be just as tough a challenge to Lindheimer enemies—political or otherwise—as Ben ever was.

END

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Strength over form

An overpowering bunch of California musclemen upset the favored eastern crews to win the top prize of college rowing

THE MOST formed and finished crews in the country were competing, but last Saturday two outrageous ugly ducklings led the way through the ice-smooth stretch on Onondaga Lake outside of Syracuse, N.Y. to take first and second places in the year's top college crew event, the 18th Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta.

Winning with a flourish a few moments after it should have collapsed was California, a heavy crew, long on power but short on finesse. Pressing hard was an improbable shell from Navy—even longer on power, even shorter on finesse. Fourth, a scant three seconds behind tiring, third-place Washington, was Brown, the strangest entry of all 12 in the race. It didn't even have a coach. Where was odds-on favorite Cornell? Or chief challenger Pennsylvania? Or last year's winner, Wisconsin? Or smooth-rowing Syracuse and Princeton? They were, figuratively speaking, way up the creek, and eight oars didn't add up to one paddle.

Cornell had looked all last week like a sure winner on oblong, tree-lined Onondaga. Stark Sanford, the Cornell coach, had won four straight IRA titles prior to last year. His first and second crews were so even that he had been almost alternating them in varsity races while searching for the best combination. Ten days before the IRA he moved three men up from the junior varsity and said he had a settled varsity at last.

The only cloud on the Cornell horizon was Joe Burk's Penn crew, which beat Cornell once this year and had been practicing on Onondaga for two weeks. California's new head coach, Jim Lemmon, brought his boys to Onondaga early too. They beat Navy by an oar's breadth at Wisconsin the week before, but they had their troubles. "We were eight individualists, offering advice to each other but not taking much. We were lousy," said a Cal man. Yet they also were extremely strong. Watching them practice, U.S. Olympic Rowing Committee Chairman Tip Goos commented, "They row rough as hell, but the boat moves." What neither he nor the other crews knew was that Jim Lemmon had subdued his gang of individualists. For the first time they were rowing as a unit.

Hatcher's boys

Navy, which also had a new coach, Lou Lindsay, was another California, only more so. In early races this year it pelted along at absurdly high strokes (34 instead of a normal 30) as if rushing to rescue a drowning maiden. At one moment it would glide like a porpoise and at the next career like a drunken centipede. The Navy rowers dubbed themselves "hamburgers" because they badly butchered so many strokes, but they had strength and desire to spare. "If the boys don't get fustered we'll win," said Lindsay.

Saturday afternoon the lake was calm. Sunshine had followed a morn-

ing rain, and the favorites were winning easily. Navy taking the freshman race and Cornell's ex-varsity romping away with the junior varsity event. Then the starter's "ready, ready all, go" sent the varsities down the course.

Through the first two miles Washington held a solid two-length lead, with Cornell, Penn and California bunched next. Then—astonishingly—up the inside lane came Brown. "I think, yes, I think Brown is second," said the dumfounded race announcer. "Of course, I'll check again." On the far outside lane Navy started driving. Cornell, too, began to advance on Washington, but the Cornell stroke suddenly collapsed at his oar. With one oar askew, Cornell was dead, finishing in a tie for fifth with a listless Penn.

Meanwhile, California, rowing at a swift 34 and showing unexpected stamina, passed Washington. Navy, too, passed the fading Huskies, only to catch a crab just when it might have moved on California. The Middles reeled and recovered, but they never could do better than match surging Cal stroke for stroke as they followed to the finish more than a length behind the winner.

Brown's race was a delightful footnote to the IRA. The Brown crew had rowed this year without college financial support. When it arrived at Syracuse for its first IRA it was without its coach, who was on military duty. Three days before the race a Navy lightweight crew coach volunteered to help the bewildered-looking Brown boys. He nearly helped them into the biggest upset since David skuffed Goliath.

END



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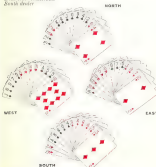
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A tricky accident

FEW ALIBIS in that marvelous and seemingly bottomless grab bag of excuses carried by bridge players are as popular as the one that goes, "Sorry, partner, I misplaced a card." A friend of mine recently got involved—I use the word advisedly—with a partner who opened with a vulnerable bid of two no trump. My friend gave a single raise. The bid was doubled, my colleague redoubled and the pair went down 1,600 points. Friend glared at his partner, plainly asking for an explanation, no matter how silly. "Misplaced a card," the fellow said weakly. "Only one card?" my friend asked.

Equally sorry is that saw, delivered with galling bravado, "Sorry, old boy, I pulled the wrong card." And that brings us to the current offering. Raise not your scornful eyebrows in my direction. I am merely the reporter in the case.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



Not everything was bad about this hand. At the start the bidding was reasonable enough. Though some players are reluctant to open with a demand bid on freak hands where the minimum high-card requirement is held, the two-diamond bid will pass muster. However, it should be noted that there is always the danger that partner will have high cards in the void suit, on the basis of which he may decide to bid an unmakeable slam. Over the four-diamond bid, North's call of four hearts is not objectionable. Common sense suggests that this is an ace-showing bid, for North could hardly be trying to play the hand at a heart contract since his partner had already bid diamonds and spades. But it seems to me that somewhere along the line South should have taken time out to describe a rebidable spade suit. His leap to six so trump with a void in partner's suit was something of a monstrosity. Actually, six clubs would not have been a bad contract and would have been defeated only because East was in position to lead a singleton spade.

West's lead of the spade jack was won by declarer's queen. It was evident that spades would not break and unlikely that diamonds would either. To make his slam, declarer had to bring in dummy's clubs, and this required two entries to dummy. The double suggested that West held the king of hearts, so chances were that dummy's ace-jack of hearts would do the trick.

But when South led the 2 of hearts the king fell from West's hand, instantly followed by his horrified apology: "Sorry, partner; I pulled the wrong card."

"Oh, take it back," South volunteered. "We don't enforce the laws so strictly." Who is to say that his magnanimity was influenced by the fact that only the play of the king could rob North of the two required entries? However, to West the law was the law; once played, a card could not be taken back.

From then on, declarer had no hope. He abandoned the clubs and, when the diamonds did not split, he went down two tricks. For a tag line, I cannot improve on East's fervent comment: "Partner, if that's what happens when you play the wrong card, imagine what we'll do to them when you play the right one."

EXTRA TRICK

While declarer is thinking out his plan of play, the defender should also be thinking. Knowing that South could not hold a club, West should have made the entry-killing play of the king on purpose instead of by accident.

END

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
11	PASS	14	PASS
24	PASS	14	PASS
44	PASS	17	PASS
6 N.T.	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: spade jack

Briggs tries again

Rigorous tests at Bridgehampton have prepared Cunningham for a new assault on Le Mans



IN MORNING RAIN A CORVETTE WISHES BY SIGNALER AT BRIDGEHAMPTON.

IN A WAY, Briggs Cunningham is the Sir Thomas Lipton of American motor sports. Six times he has launched an assault in the world's foremost sports car race—the Le Mans 24 Hours—and six times he has been repulsed. Like the British tea lord who five different times saw his majestic Shamrock yacht defeated by this country's America's Cup defenders, he has spent a fortune in the quest and taken his lumps with unflinching good sportsmanship.

Ironicly, Cunningham has already shared in the prize coveted by Sir Thomas. He was at the helm of *Colambis* when she humiliated Britain's

Sebring in the 1958 America's Cup races off Newport. But for a good many years Cunningham has been more auto racing man than yachtsman, and this Saturday, at the age of 51 and after an absence of four years, he once again will pull a crash helmet down over his curly gray-streaked brows hair, ease into the bucket seat of a Corvette and roar out onto the road course at Le Mans, a provincial capital in western France. His goal: to become the first American in the race's 57-year history to win in a U.S. car.

This time, if there is to be an all-American triumph, it will have to be a cut below the over-all victory. Cunningham has entered three Chevrolet Corvettes, and their mission is to win in the grand-touring category. Conceivably, a Corvette could take the over-all trophy, but for that to happen there would have to be a general collapse among the all-out racing sports cars. As Jaguar distributor for the northeastern states, Cunningham will have a fourth entry, a new 3-liter E-type Jaguar featuring independent rear suspension. It was built expressly for Cunningham and will be driven this weekend by the American team of Walt Hanzen and Dan Gurney.

Cunningham himself will co-drive one of the Corvettes with his partner, Jim Kimberly. Assigned to the other Corvettes is a quartet of seasoned eastern drivers: John Fitch, Dick Thompson, Fred Wisdrige and Bob Grossman.

Needless to say, the Cunningham expedition has stirred considerable interest among European as well as U.S. followers. To the French, Cunningham is a Yankee who can do no wrong. They remember with affection his squatish Cadillac-engined entry of 1950, called *Le Mouste* (which finished 11th), his rakish Cunningham C-5R of 1953 (which placed third, Cunningham & Co.'s best finish at Le Mans) and all the other made-in-America models, mostly Chrysler-engined, of the 1950-55 Cunningham assaults. In all, he is said to have spent \$1 million trying to win.

Now he is back, bringing with him his extensive racing experience and absolute integrity. His long salt is fastidious preparation. "I have never seen anyone quite so meticulous as Briggs," says Otis Stephens, designer and member of the afterguard of *Colambis*. "Personally, I use a broad brush. Briggs leaves practically nothing to chance, and practically nothing to anyone else."

As Cunningham prepared for Le Mans this harkening for perfection impelled him to stage nothing less than a 24-hour Le Mans-length trial with one of his Corvettes. He had already run three Corvettes in the 12-hour Sebring race in March and had not been overjoyed by the results. One car, with Fitch doing the driving, broke a wheel hub and flipped end over end. The others developed ailments and finished well out of the money.



CUNNINGHAM WATCHES TEST WITH FITCH



IN BACKGROUND IS TRAILER WORKSHOP

Considering these disquieting memories, Cunningham was remarkably even-tempered at the trial. It was run off on the twisty 2.85-mile Bridgehampton racecourse on the sandy eastern reaches of Long Island. The supporting cast included Alfred Momo, Cunningham's longtime racing associate and chief engine tuner; his familiar blue-covered mechanic; Fitch, Grossman and another driver, Phil Forno; silver-haired Zora Arkus-Duntov, principal designer of the Corvette; two other Chevrolet engineers; and Bill Frick, another tuner.

The test began in balmy weather at 9:41 one morning. This kind of thing can be unimaginably tedious for a nonparticipant, but for Cunningham it was totally absorbing. Aside from a short, unsuccessful nap, he sat down only when it was his turn to test-drive. The rest of the time he listened and watched intently for the slightest hint of trouble. He took the first trick, stayed out for 2¼ hours and completed 72 laps, the fastest in 2 minutes 4 seconds. The course record is 1:31. Obviously, the Corvette was moving smartly.

When Fitch took over the car Cunningham stood restlessly at trackside and reminisced about Le Mans. "Going round and round and round, doing the same thing at the same time in the same way, is a hard thing to do," he said. "After a while you begin to doze a little, and then the car does something to jerk you awake

continued



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MOTOR SPORTS continued

and you think, 'Oh, my God, here we go.' Then you concentrate again.

"When the fog drops in at Le Mans you find that you begin to count between the corners. 'One and two and—left. One and two and—right.' You'd be surprised how sharp you can get when it's really tough. The fog hangs down pretty low, but not low enough for you to see over it. On the straights you can look up at the line of trees along the road and steer by them."

As Fitch drove on and on, Cunningham began to worry about the engine: "Hope he doesn't run out of gas and burn a piston."

An uneasy nightfall

He didn't, but troubles soon cropped up, and they were serious ones. Toward evening, with Dunlop driving, a pushrod collapsed. This caused a major delay for repairs. Just before dark, with Grossman driving, a wheel broke and the car bumped to a halt. As at Sebring, the car had been fitted with knock-off hubcaps despite the fact that Chevy engineers had warned against the arrangement.

After the wheel was replaced the Corvette ran trouble-free. The 283-cubic-inch fuel-injection engine, new for the trial, became freer and more powerful as the hours passed.

Deep in the night Fitch encountered real Le Mans weather, a rainstorm, and Cunningham caught the tail of it on a driving shift through a gray, diurnal dawn.

Obviously he had enjoyed the lonely ride. "For me the fun is not in the racing but in the driving. Racing is the only way I've found to use the performance these cars have."

The test, having been extended past 24 hours to compensate partly for time lost on repairs, ended at 11. The Corvette had gone 551 laps and 1,570 miles. Verdict: a shrug of the Cunningham shoulders.

Whatever else it might mean, a shrug by Cunningham is not a sign of complacency. With Le Mans just around the corner and his three Corvettes tuned and inspected, primed and polished, he undoubtedly has thought of a dozen things that could go wrong. It would be more than fitting if this time, after so many years of frustration, everything went just right.

END



POISED AMATEUR NIKLAUS TOOK SECOND PLACE WHILE EARLY LEADER SOUCHAK (HERE EXPLODING FROM TRAP) TIRED, FELL BACK

PALMER

continued from page 45

approach shot was clearly struck with plenty of spin. Early in the week the officials of the U.S. Golf Association were worried that the combination of the direct sun and the afternoon winds would make out the greens to the point that they would become almost unplayable. But with judicious watering at night and plain good luck this extreme condition never came to pass. As it played, Cherry Hills did not require the full vocabulary of shotmaking, but it took accuracy and touch and unflagging concentration. Then it could be scored on.

At the end of the first two rounds, as was not entirely unexpected, several Open marks had been broken. First, the halfway cut-off point (to determine the low-50 scores, and then, who would be eligible for Saturday's double round) was 147, a shot below the old record set in 1948 at Riviera. Second, Mike Souchak, putting together an opening 68 on which he used only 26 putts and a 67 replete with some truly brilliant patches, eclipsed the old record for the first 36 holes with his total of 135. On the second day the spotlight was all on Souchak, but on the opening day he was forced to share the stage with Tommy Bolt, a man who is hard to ignore. Old Tom, under the weather to begin with and feeling little better after taking a triple bogey on a short

hole, hit his first drive off the 18th into the wide lake that separates the tee from the distant fairway. He hit his second into the water. Then, after reaching the fairway on his third attempt, he threw his driver after the lost balls. Considering the size, beauty and beckoning nature of the water hazard, there was something classic about Bolt's performance, like Hillary scaling Everest or Stanley finding Livingstone. Bolt finished his round and then withdrew.

Spent downfall

In a much more serious way, the 18th, a 468-yard par-4 climbing to a high plateaued green, the most rugged hole on the course, was the start of Souchak's downfall. Beginning to tire from the heat, he double-bogeyed it at the conclusion of his third round after pushing his first tee shot out of bounds. This cut his lead to two shots, and that margin disappeared very quickly once Palmer and the other oncoming challengers started taking par apart in the wild fastnesses of the afternoon.

In the final analysis Palmer, long respected for his astonishing physical and competitive endurance, simply outlasted his rivals. Niklaus three-putted the 67th and 68th. Jack Fleck, after a great showing, also had trouble on the greens down the stretch. Julius Boros, once again a force in the Open, found sand traps on the 68th and 72nd and missed a three-footer

on the 71st. Souchak, still fighting hard to make up ground, couldn't buy a birdie putt. And so it went, with Ben Hogan suffering the cruellest fate. After hitting 34 consecutive greens in par or better, he was four-under and tied for the lead with Palmer as he played the 348-yard 71st. He elected to gamble for a birdie on his third shot, a little 55-yard pitch over a creek to the island green where the pin was at the front. He lobbed a soft pitch that was just too short, two feet too short. The ball landed at the edge of the water on the far bank, and his stirring bid for his 58th Open title was over. Palmer parred the last two holes and was in.

What can you say about Arnold Palmer? Nothing seems beyond his doing. First that birdie-birdie finish at Augusta. Now this awesome finish in which he came on to win from seven strokes back, something no other golfer has ever accomplished in the Open. He will undoubtedly perform other prodigious deeds in the years ahead. He has an everimproving all-round game and he can hole the long ones. He has unshakable faith in himself and is wonderfully ambitious. Behind him lie the Masters and Open now and before him the Centenary British Open. He will go to St. Andrews with a very good chance to continue his sweep, for here is not only a marvelous golfer but, if you will forgive a Victorian phrase, he seems to be destiny's favorite. **END**



ME and HUTCH

by JIM BROSNAN

When last seen in these pages (SI, March 7), James Patrick Brosnan, a left-handed right-hander, a writer and amateur psychologist, was making the acquaintance of Solly Herman, new manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, in spring training for the 1959 season. It was an undertaking which proved unprofitable to both: Brosnan performed indifferently (he was out, lost three) as a relief pitcher for Herman, and their relationship, which had deteriorated to acid interchanges, ended when Brosnan was traded to Cincinnati ("It's true," he wrote in his diary, "the second time you've traded you don't feel a thing"). His morale and his record improved—but not much—under the management of Mayo Smith. Now we find him early one morning on the verge of receiving some startling news:

JULY 8: The phone rang at 7:30. We were still in bed. I reached for the receiver. "Who in the world would dare call us this early?" my wife said.

"Hi, Donald," I growled into the mouthpiece. "Is everything alright?" ("It's Don Stutz," I whispered to my wife.) "Nice of you to call so early, Don. What's new? What d'ya mean, who's gonna be the new manager? Sure I like Mayo. Why not? He's treated me fine. Lets me pitch when I want to, never gets on anybody. Just like Solly Herman. . . . No, I didn't watch the All-Star Game. . . . No, I haven't read the paper. We're still in bed. What's in the paper? Oh! Great. What I mean is great! I like

him. Thanks for calling, Don. . . ."

"We've got a new manager," I said.

"Who?" she said.

"Hutch," I said.

JULY 9: The clubhouse man warned each player not to go out of the clubhouse till after the meeting. "Hutch wants to talk to you," he said. I had missed the workout; now I couldn't make up my mind whether or not to apologize to Fred Hutchinson. Hutch seems to be embarrassed by apologies. If you do wrong, you should figure out why, vow never to do it again, and forget it. Still, I waited till the last moment, then had to take a chair at the table right in front of him. He stood, waiting for attention. I sat

down, riffled the envelopes containing player passes that lay on the table, and looked up to see Hutchinson staring at me with half a smile on his face. He winked at me and murmured, "Hi, Jim."

"I met most of you fellows yesterday," said Hutchinson. "Most of you I knew already anyway. Most of you know me." He paused and looked slowly around the room as he went on, "I like to win. That's the only way to play this game. To win. We're all like that. From now on I'm running this ball club. If you have any problems come to me. I'll handle them or get somebody to do it for me. On paper this club looks better than the standings indicate so far. I don't know why, yet. Some people say you've been playing a little too conservative, that you don't bump heads enough in the field. All I got to say to that is that if somebody bumps your head the only thing to do is bump back. Now I'm not going to say to you pitchers that you should knock somebody down just because they're takin' a shot at you. I can't say that, and I won't say that." He paused, emphatically, rising his words perfectly. "But I don't care if you brush a biter back once in a while. Just to let 'em know you're out there."

He picked up a scorecard. "I just want to add one thing. I'm glad to be up here with you. We're going to start winning. We might as well start tonight."

JULY 16: The smile of Fred Hutchinson is a treasured one. His ballplayers vie hopefully for it. By playing well and winning they earn it. (Hutchinson smarts at plain luck.) Miserly with his laughter at all times, Hutchinson is miserable in defeat. The depth of his frown is in direct proportion to the length of his losing streak.

Hutch had little to smile about in his first week as our manager. We lost three games to the Giants. The Dodgers followed the Giants into Coney Field, and Hutchinson met them with a cold and hungry stare. We won both games from Los Angeles, and Hutchinson led us into St. Louis with just the bare hint of a grin smile on his face. Ernie Broglio and I were the

FURTHERLIGHT FRED HUTCHINSON, shown here with Brosnan, said he didn't care what Brosnan wrote as long as he pitched. Brosnan's mid-June record: 3 won, 9 lost.

Copyright © 1961 by James P. Brosnan

one/six

scheduled pitchers for the Thursday night game. When I came up through the Cardinal dugout with a well-oiled arm, Ernie grabbed me and asked if everything was all right. I told him he'd look good in a beard. He asked me if I'd like to trade pitches—he'd throw me a fast ball to hit if I'd give him one up in his eyes. I asked for a high slider and we agreed on the arrangements. First pitch the first time up for each of us. Such friendly arrangements between opposing pitchers are only good as long as each thinks the friendly gesture won't interfere with winning the game.

By the time I got to hit we had a three-run lead and all I got from Broglio were good curve balls. Which I never could hit; it should be illegal to throw them to pitchers. By the time Broglio hit, I was struggling to retire the side before my lead vanished. Since he'd thrown me good curve balls, I decided to reciprocate. Only I didn't have a good curve. Broglio lined a hanging curve into left field for a hit, and Hutchinson growled loud enough to scare bears in the St. Louis zoo. One thing a pitcher should never do is let the opposing pitcher drive in a run.

Already I had walked four men in four innings. This is one more than I usually walk in nine innings, and three more than Hutchinson would like his pitchers to walk in 30 days. "Bend your back a bit," he said to me after Broglio's base hit. "You know you can't pitch high and get away with it." We still had a one-run lead, and I vowed to mend my pitching manners. Cunningham and White drilled two low fast balls into center field to start the fifth. I might have caught both balls had I anticipated them. But such good pitches shouldn't have been hit at all.

"Bayer will bunt, probably," I thought. "I'd waste a slider outside just to find out." Bailey took off his mask and walked out toward me. "Forget it, Gar, I know what to do," I thought. But Bailey wasn't even looking at me. Suddenly Hutchinson leaped up in the left-hand corner of my vision. "Make Poffa get the ball over the plate," Hutch said to Bailey. He held out his hand for the ball which I had just rubbed till it felt comfortable.

"For what?" I said, stupefied.

No one in the stands knew. The bus driver who took us to the airport and the pilot who flew us to Chicago couldn't have cared less. We won the game anyway.

When we arrived in Chicago my roomie told me to go to sleep. We had six hours to rest up before the next game. My wife sympathized with me when I called in the morning. "You just better tell Hutch that you want to start and you deserve to start and why did he take you out so quickly and why did he let Newsome stay for 11 innings two nights before that, and. . . ." But I cut her off in time to catch the bus to the ball park.

"Don't you think you took me out a little quick last night?" I asked.

Hutchinson greeted my hesitant query with a raised eyebrow and an

ABOUT THE BOOK

This account of Jim Brosnan's relatively happy relationship with Manager Hutchinson forms part of a book, *The Long Season*, to be published by Harper & Brothers on July 6 (\$3.95).

amused twitch of the left corner of his mouth. "You don't think you were pitching good ball up to then, do you?" he countered. "I didn't."

"Maybe not," I conceded. "But it seemed to me you don't trust me as a starter, that you think of me primarily as a relief pitcher. Is this Hook you're bringing up from Seattle going to take my starting job?"

"Let me say this," he said. "You've got good stuff and you're a pretty good pitcher. I may use you in the bullpen now because I know you can do that job for me. Not every pitcher can. Newsome couldn't, for instance, and these two kids can't. I have to use Hook and O'Toole because they're going to develop only if they get a chance to do a lot of work. They're going to start in rotation and pitch in turn if they get shelled eight times in a row. As for you, don't worry. You'll get plenty of work."

He patted me on the back, pushing me toward center field, where I snagged fly balls that came crashing through the wind barrier from Lake Michigan.

JULY 19: The bullpen welcomed me with cutting remarks and well-sharp-

ened needles, which they inserted into my wisecracks. Above anything else, a sense of humor is necessary for life in the bullpen. Once admitted and accepted in camaraderie, a relief pitcher may even suggest a serious topic for conversation. Like baseball. "You know what this Hook said yesterday?" I asked. "He told me that in the Coast League they're saying it's easier to pitch in the big leagues than in the minors. That's what somebody in Seattle told him. I'll be damned if he's not proving it, too."

Hook pitched against the Cubs as if they were not quite up to Pacific Coast League caliber. Not only did he get them out with ease and dispatch but he looked as if he knew what he was doing with each pitch.

"He's got a good fast ball, a nice fast ball," said Clyde King, the pitching coach.

"How fast is a good fast ball?" I asked.

"Just fast enough, Brox," said Pete Whisenant. "It's not the speed of the ball alone, but the pitcher's motions, and the spin of the ball, and how fast it moves. . . . Lotta things involved in a good fast ball."

"Did you know that the biggest curve you can throw is 17 inches?" I said.

"Who says?" said Willard Schmidt. "Some professor in Washington. He runs the Bureau of Standards, I think."

"Who'd he pitch for?"

"He was an outfielder in college."

"That figures."

"I believe I'd rather have a good slider than a good curve," I said. "Good hitters complain about the slider more than any other pitch. The good hitters in this league do—Musial, Mays, Whisenant. That right, Whit?"

"Bees, take away sliders and curve balls and I'd be the best hitter in this little ol' league," said Whisenant. "And if you made every pitcher these left-handed they'd never get me out."

JULY 27: The Cardinals, who were having trouble beating anybody else, came back to play us four more games. In less than five weeks we had played 12 games with St. Louis. They won seven of the first nine. When Hutch took over he said we could beat them any day of the week.

Mixed started the first game for

continued



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the Cardinals. He walked the first three men to face him. From the bullpen Mizell's pitches looked close to being strikes, but the bullpen is 328 feet from the plate. From the Cardinal dugout, 90 feet from the plate, Hennis swore that Mizell's pitches were close enough to be called strikes. All Hennis got for his squawks was the thumb from Stan Landes, the umpire. "Hennis is going to lead the league for the first time in his career," I said. "I'll bet he's been thrown out of more games this year than all the other managers put together."

"You're keeping up with Solly, aren't you, Bronson?" said Schmidt. "I was under the impression that you didn't care for him too much."

"What in the world gave you that idea, Willard?" I said.

The Cardinals didn't recover their prime for two games. That's the way it goes in baseball. Hennis also did a slow burn 24 hours later when Brogio and MrDaniel lost a four-run lead to enable us to tie the score in the seventh. Quietly, I meandered onto the mound to pitch in the eighth. The Cardinals threatened, with two outs, and George Crowe, the best pinch hitter in the league, glared at me while I reviewed my last attempt to retire him. This time he didn't get around on the high, tight slide ball, and I made it to the bench.

Hutchinson wisely used a pinch hitter for me as we scored two runs in our half of the eighth. Brooks Lawrence wrapped up the game by retiring three men in a row. I sat motionless in the sixth, watching Lawrence save my win. It's rougher, it seems, to wait there out. You sweat almost as much sitting down as you would pitching for yourself.

AUGUST 1: The sun was hot in the bullpen. We curled a hose on top of the bullpen roof, turned the water on, and lay across the bench throughout the game, sweating in comfort. The Crosley Field bullpens are built like battlefield bunkers. They're well equipped, with a water fountain, a telephone and a long bench against the back wall. But you can't see the ball game if you sit down. Of course, if you decide to lie down, so one can see in, either, to criticize your lack of attention.

The Cubs scored two in the first,

but we scored seven in the third. Anyway, the pitcher, hit a grand-slam home run to cap the rally. We almost moved, we were so excited.

"Your record just hit one with the bases drunk, Willard," said King.

"He always did say he was a good hitter," Schmidt retorted. "I'll never hear the end of this, though."

"Why don't you go lay on the grass outside, Willard," I said, "and I'll fan you with a towel like you just fainted."

"No, no, that's too far to go in this heat. You might wave the towel around a while and stir up this air."

"It's a pretty heavy towel," I noted.

"Let it lay, then," he said. "Let us know how we make out, will ya, Clyde?"

We won.

AUGUST 7: Midsummer weather in San Francisco is comparatively cool. The wind, which dies down after dusk, had little effect on the Friday night game, which Antonelli won 3-2. But it picked up velocity in the morning, and blew bristly all Saturday afternoon. We scored two in the first inning, but Hook walked three Giants to start their half, and Hutch called for Pefa, who got out of the inning with a tie ball game.

We picked up seven more runs in the next three innings. Pefa gave up a homer in the third, and another to start the fifth. When he loaded the bases, Hutch waved me in. As I took my first warmup throw I nearly fell off the mound. Another gust of wind had caught me off balance. Antonelli laughed loudly on the Giant bench.

Each inning as I walked through that wind toward the mound I heard myself say, "How can you pitch in this park on a day like today? It's ridiculous. You can just throw and pray." My prayers held up well except for two pitches—Alan hit a ball halfway up the left-field bleachers, and Kirkland hit a home run over the back of the right-field bleachers to give me the league leadership in long-ball throwing. The most encouraging advice I could get from my own teammates during my performance came from Frank Thomas. "Just hang in there, Bronson," he called. "we'll get 'em somehow."

The Giant fans moaned angrily whenever I managed to retire the side. In the ninth, with two men on,

they howled for my scalp. Hutchinson sat back in the dugout, apparently oblivious to the expected carnage. I was too tired or terrified to think my way out of trouble, so I threw exactly what Bailey called for, hoping he knew what to do. Brandt, pinch-hitting with two out, guessed wrong at a curve ball, and Delmore called him out.

I staggered slowly to our bench, mopped some sweat from my face, wrapped a towel around my neck and waited for the official scorer's decision as to who got the win. Pefa had retired 14 men and given up two runs. I'd relieved him with the bases loaded and gone on to retire 13 men. Did I get a "save" or a win?

"Winning pitcher, Pefa," came from the field microphones.

AUGUST 13: Our chances of overtaking Pittsburgh and finishing in the first division were no less remote than the pennant chances of the three top contenders. We had to win all six remaining games we had with the Pirates. The schedule presented a greater problem. We had to play five games over the weekend after a four-game series with Milwaukee. During the last of the Braves games, on Thursday night, I had an eight-run lead when the fifth inning started. Pinch Hitter Lee Maye led off for the Braves. I had never pitched to Maye before. "He'll be taking one strike anyway," I thought. "Then I'll try to jam him with the slider. It's working well for me."

I laid the first pitch right over the heart of the plate. Maye hit it into center field, and I turned around to look at the Milwaukee bench. How could Hasey let him hit the first pitch when he's eight runs behind? It just isn't done. Avila bunted, a move that I expected even less. I waited for Bailey to come out from behind the plate to field the ball, and he waited for me. Avila got a base hit.

Matthew took three sliders just inside, fouled off two others, and then walked as I missed with a curve just outside. The fans started to grumble, and Hutchinson called the bullpen. I knew I'd be out of there if I didn't get Aaron. He'd already hit two sliders right on the nose his first two times up. He was also hitting .370, or something like that.

"I'd better waste one slider and

continued

gamble on him leaning into a hummer," I thought. "If I can jam him good on one pitch, I'll be able to go back to the slider, which is my best pitch." Aaron smashawked the high inside fast ball and bounced it right back to me. Bailey took my throw to the plate and doubled Aaron at first, the grandstand collectively breathing a sigh of relief. "Hutch has gotta let me stay in here now," I thought.

Covington fouled off four sliders and I tried to outthink him. "He can't be looking for a change now. I'll slip it right by him." He hit it over the center field fence to make the score 8-3.

The tension of the inning plus the heat and humidity undermined whatever strength I had left after throwing 87 pitches, many of them frustratingly good ones. Pinson homered in our fifth, but I had to go back to the mound all too quickly. Before the inning was over I could feel myself "pushing" the ball, and hoping for a mediocre swing. Torre popped up a high curve that he should have creamed, and he cursed so loud he woke my brother Mike, who was watching the game on television at home.

Avila singled sharply on my next pitch, a crackling noise that brought Hutchinson to the mound. He said, "It's a hot night. I'm bringing in Pefa."

I showered and poured a bottle of rubbing alcohol over me to stop the nervous sweating. Pefa held the five-run lead through the seventh. By that time I was driving home to watch the end of the game on TV. Aaron, Adcock and Logan singled to knock Pefa out in the ninth. Nuxhall got Crandall but gave up a single to Lopata and a double to Pafko, and the score was 9-8. Lawrence relieved Nuxhall and walked Avila to load the bases.

My mother said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. A grown man, crying about baseball. It's only a game."

Lawrence went 8-2 on Mathews while I urged him in a hoarse whisper, "Don't walk him, Brookie. Don't let 'em tie it up. Make him hit the ball." Mathews popped up, to make it seem like a game instead of a moment of truth.



MOUND DRAMA begins as catcher (top), then Hutchinson, join Brownman with bases loaded. Of a similar crisis, Brownman wrote: "A crackling noise brought Hutch out."



AUGUST 14: Hutchinson reminded us before the first game of our five-game weekend series with Philadelphia that we had a good shot at the first division, which could mean \$400 to \$500 per man. "That's worth putting out a little extra from now on," he said. "We can beat this club four out of five games."

The first game, at least, was a long one. With Pinson and Robinson getting five hits apiece, we scored 15 runs on 23 hits. Lawrence had a four-run lead as the Phils batted in the ninth. But he couldn't get the side out. Four singles around one strikeout gave the Phils two runs. With men on first and second, Hutch waved me in to pitch to Gene Fresse. My record against Fresse for the year was enough to chill any manager's heart. Hutch may not have known it. He said nothing to me except, "There's one out."

I took the ball from Lawrence and said, "I owe you one."

Fresse fouled off a high slider as I gulped fresh air. "Gotta be more careful than that," I said. "Brush him back now and go with another slider, down and away. Or at least down." Fresse jumped at the slider and hit it on the ground to Kaeko. Kaeko tossed it to Temple, whose throw to first beat Fresse to the bag, and we'd won it.

Hutch met me with a strong grip and a little smile. "Nice going. How's your arm feel?"

"It aches. But no more than when I was out there."

Lawrence joined me at the trainer's table. "We're even," I said, as he held out his hand. "Don't shake it too hard. It may come off."

AUGUST 19: "Better loosen up, Jim," said Cot Deal. "Hutch will probably use a hitter for Pefa."

Stretching my arm gingerly, I beat-up as Whitewest ran up to bat for

Peña. The score stayed at 3-2 against us while I pitched the eighth. We scored seven runs in the last of the eighth, however, with the Dodgers using four pitchers to retire the side. With an easy win in sight I walked out to the mound in the ninth, smiling. How could I lose this one?

"We'll wipe that smile off your face," came loudly from the Dodger dugout.

What vulgar emotion!

Esegian hit my first pitch into center field for a single. Roseboro pinch-hit and I walked him. Hutchinson jumped off his chair in the dugout. The crowd roared. "This is ridiculous," I thought. "I'd better hear down."

But it was too late. When I reached back for the little extra it wasn't there. I panicked. My slider wouldn't break. I didn't dare try the change-up; the fast ball moved all right, but I couldn't control it. Ron Fairly swung at a bad pitch and fled to left. Furillo hit for the pitcher. I tried to jam him good to move him back from the plate, but he hit a soft line drive just over Temple's head. The ball fell for a single, the bases were loaded, and Gilliam came up to hit. I always have trouble with Gilliam. Either I lay it in there for him or he doesn't swing. He took a walk. Six runs ahead, and I walk a man home! Hutchinson stormed out of the dugout. I didn't wait for him to chew me out. Tossing the ball at him as we crossed paths, I headed for the dugout. But he got at me with a contemptuous snarl. "That was the worst exhibition I ever saw!"

Lawrence retired the side on one pitch. The Cincinnati radio broadcaster said, as I entered the clubhouse, "Well, we're going to wait now and see what the official scorer does about declaring the winner of this game. Brozman is the pitcher of record, but Peña pitched outstanding ball, and he certainly deserves credit for the win more than Brozman. . . . Here's the announcement. Well, the scorer called Brozman the winner. But, I don't know, the rules should be changed to cover situations like this. I certainly don't think justice was done."

SEPTEMBER 14: The San Francisco papers, agog about the pennant race, hardly mentioned our fight with the Pirates for fourth place. We had

continued

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IN HARDY TANS ON PLASTIC BOTTLES IMPORTED

beaten the Braves on Sunday, and it wasn't until we landed in California that we learned the Pirates had also won. Our win over the Braves gained us nothing in our race. When Hutchinson announced that Brosnan would start for the Reds, odds on the game jumped to 5 to 2 for Frisco, according to reliable cab drivers. "What's the story?" Schmidt said to me. "Is Hutch betting on the Giants?"

I gave him my best nervous answer, and reported to the trainer for a pregame rubdown. Hutchinson's last words were, "Go as far as you can, now. We got plenty of help down there when you need it." Not even if I need it, but when I need it! We didn't go over the hitters before the game. "You've pitched against them enough," said Hutch.

Brosnan took two pitches, then half swung at a good slider and popped it up. McCovey usually took one pitch just to get a look at the stuff. I laid a flat slider in for a strike, then broke one off on his hands. He popped it up. Willie Mays stepped into the box, stared at me, pepped up a jammer that broke his bat, and I had lasted one inning.

Antonelli had a little trouble in the second, getting Bailey for a called strike on the last out. Bailey screamed at the call, and Corlies threw him out of the game. Hutchinson charged Corlies with having a quick thumb, and Jacko threw him out, too.

I took a long look at Cepeda, the fourth Giant hitter. There's only one way to pitch to him, of course. I threw him a slider on the outside corner for a strike. He leaned over the plate looking for another one and caught a slider on his bat handle. Cursing in Spanish and shaking his hands in pain, he jogged toward first as his little fly ball settled into Kaslo's glove.

Kirkland ran up to the plate eagerly. My old homer-hitting buddy. Six home runs off me in three years. I growled a negative growl at Dottie's sign. No sir, if Kirkland hits a home run off me on this pitch it will be from a prone position. Down he went. My control was excellent. He fouled off the next slider, fouled off a curve and fanned on a fast ball right under his chin.

Well, that pitch did it. When a pitcher can rid himself of the feeling

that he can't get a certain batter out, he knows he's got good stuff. The Giants stared at me for six innings, waiting to see Old Bros, Old Nervous Bros, start to waver, start to think on the mound. They waited in vain. Mays, still looking for a slider, caught me thinking he might be taking one pitch as he had done on his first two strikes at bat. He hit a flat slider over the left-field fence. A man is entitled to one mistake in a game.

I didn't make another. Hutch called me into the runway behind our dugout at the end of the seventh. He said, "Now, I want you to tell me if you're tired. This is the first time you've gone this far in months." What could I say? "I had a little trouble getting loose in the last inning," I said.

"I think you're tired," he said finally. "Let's let Brooks finish it up for you."

Well now, I thought to myself, that's good enough for me, Hutch. My bridge partner and I are undefeated so far this year. Every game we've both been in, bridge or baseball, we've won. We had a 3-1 lead. Let's let Brooks finish up. Why not.

Brooks had nothing but good cards left. We won.

SEPTEMBER 26: We lost both games to Pittsburgh.

The light of our first-division dreams flickered on Saturday as the Pirates won in 12 innings, 4-3.

I started the Sunday game. I struck out the first Pirate batter. Superstition has it that it is bad for a pitcher to retire the first batter on a strikeout. That's ridiculous, of course. It's not the first out but the last one that you should worry about.

I didn't have to worry about the last out. I never even saw it. Two walks and four singles sent Pirate runners circling the bases around me. I felt like the operator of a merry-go-round, with everybody getting a kick out of the ride but me. The base hits weren't hit very hard, and the walks were unintentional. But four base runners scored. The season ended, for all practical purposes, at 2 o'clock that afternoon.

"There goes my winning streak," I thought, as Hutch silently took the baseball from me and gave it to Willard Schmidt.

"There goes my ERA," I said to myself in the shower. From below

3.00 it soared to 3.88 in 15 minutes.

"There goes my salary drive," I thought, as I dressed and left the ball park.

"That's enough for one year," I hoped. It had been a long season.

SEPTEMBER 22: Philadelphia beat us in a double-header, forever quenching the aftertaste of our fourth-place ambitions. To add to the insult, the bus driver hired to drive us to the airport for our flight to Cincinnati lost his way. He drove through the midnight quiet streets of the city, finally reaching a dead end in a railroad yard. A railroad watchman asked, in a bewildered voice, "How in the world did you ever get that big thing in here?" A cab appeared, the driver grinning as he inquired if he could guide us back to the highway. Hutchinson hired him immediately.

We won both games in Cincinnati during the final weekend, ending the season on a positive note and almost bringing a smile to Hutchinson's face. On the last day of the season, baseball is a game that professionals really do play; it no longer seems like work to them. It is virtually impossible for a hallplayer to convince himself that he will never play the game again. On the last day of the season, baseball, truly, is in his blood.

I stuffed my glove into a duffel bag and picked up the last shirt from my locker. That final look at the empty locker brings no smile to a hallplayer's face. On the last day there really is not much tangible evidence of the sweat, the tears, the applauding cheers of the season past that a hallplayer can take with him. A bagful of gloves, shoes and sock straps; a fatful of clippings and fan mail, a line of statistics following his name in the record book. I'd already used my line: Brosnan, James Patrick, Cincinnati, Won 8, Lost 3, ERA 3.36.

Gabe Paul offered me the contract that I was after, and I signed it. Shoving two World Series tickets into my jacket pocket next to the 1960 contract, I made the rounds of the room, saying my au revoir. Hutchinson was last in my tour of the clubhouse. He looked up from the trunk into which he had packed his equipment, shoved a huge bear paw at me, and said, "Good luck. You did a good job for me. Have a good winter." And he almost smiled. I thanked him and went home.

END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

NEW YORK, N.Y., 1984-1985

hitting (30 runs in three games) dastarded the Giants for the Pittsburgh Pirates, and pitching (four runs in two games) stopped the Dodgers, as Pittsburgh opened up a four-game lead. The high-flying Pirates made no late trades. Explained General Manager Joe Brown: "We're smart enough to make it interesting all season long. Changing things now would be dangerous." But one Pirate regular said, "A long relief pitcher would help us." San Francisco Giants' Owner Horace Starnes, checking on the life of four straight losses, made the expected move: he fired Manager Bill Rigney. "We were being outbribe," said Starnes. "I've been thinking about a change for some time." Surprise replacement was Chief Scout Tom Sheehan, 38, who will manage club for two or three weeks, possibly the rest of the year, possibly next year." Lou Boudreau's pitching helped lift the Milwaukee Braves to within a game of second place. Boudreau was two complete games, including a 94-pitch shutout over the Cardinals. Manager Dreesen claimed happily over the free work lefty George Brunet (five hits, 12 strikeouts in 10 2/3 innings). Said Dreesen: "Brunet throws as hard as any pitcher on our staff, maybe harder." The swiftest St. Louis Cardinals moved squarely into the first division. Braves rookie Ray Basked, peached in five previous starts, three-hit Cincinnati for the Cards' first shutout of the season. The Cincinnati Reds, bulging with sluggers, fell into the worst hitting slump in either league. The Reds got just 36 hits in six games, lost them all. So General Manager Gab-

TEAM LEADED: HOME DUNS

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NY	Mets	19	Mattie	34	2 tied with 6
Bos	Devils	7	Wagner	7	Brendt
Chi	Wald	12	Pennell	3	Remake
Det	Edwards	10	Mossell	10	2 tied with 6
Chi	Mines	7	Sorens	6	2 tied with 3
Wash	Linnell	17	Whitall	2	Baffey
EC	Graham	7	Waring	6	4 tied with 4
StL	Wagner	6	Wagner	6	2 tied with 6

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5F	Spaced	12	McKewen	11	3 lost with	10
6M	Maintain	14	Keen	12	Dansell	10
5M	Boys	17	Spencer	0	White	0
5C	Belmont	11	Nicholson	0	Peters	2
1A	Sticks	0	Bowser	0	Steen	0
5C	Basin	17	Thomas	10	Will	4
Phi	Del Green	0	3 lost with	4	4 lost with	

Paul packed disappointing rocks Tony Gonzalez (.212) and Lee Wai-foe on the Pils in exchange for ex-Red Wally Pate and Harry Anderson. The Los Angeles Dodgers, who had won four out of five, were quickly curbed by the Pirates, 2-1 and 4-3. Danny McDevitt blew that second game after leading 3-0 with two out and none on in the sixth. Plagued by mental and mechanical errors on the field, the Chicago Cubs almost made a strategic slip as well. They tried to trade away reliever Don Ebin, failed, then saw Ebin win one game, save another. The Philadelphia Phillies searched restlessly toward a 100-loss season. Manager Mauch replaced weak-hitting (.164) Shortstop Joe Koppe with hot-prospect Ruben Amaro, shuddered as Amaro managed but one hit in his first 14 at bats.

Speedways: Sep 26-27, 28, 34-35, Nov 30-31, Dec, 29, 30, 31 & 20-21, 28, 29-31, 30 & 21-22

RAMS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Transmuted Balls in ^a	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Moran, Roy (346)	41	79	79
Mohrman, Doc (300)	38	31	69
Reagan, Wash (122)	39	26	65
Mosley, Roy (300)	49	18	68
Reagan, Bob (237)	23	27	50

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Demanda Pot (200)	39	40	89
Magn. EP (200)	48	51	76
Swingout, Pot (200)	45	51	76
Radio, Ch (200)	37	34	71
Rock, Pot (200)	48	51	76

^a Derived by subtracting *M*_{Na} from *M*_{Fe}.

Author's address: L. de Raedt

The New York Yankees went from weird to wonderful and wound up in first place. They glided past the Athletics on slimmers by Bob Turley and Jim Coates, outspaced the White Sox again with four straight victories in Chicago, Cito Bayer, installed at third, felled neatly and hit two home runs. The Baltimore Orioles rebounded from a losing home stand to beat the Indians and Tigers as the road. Jack Fieber, thriving under Manager Richards' sharp-eyed guidance, pitched his fifth straight game in a row, while Hoyt Wilhelm worked lazily as both a starter and reliever. "With pitching like that," observed Detroit Manager Dyke, "you gotta think the Orioles are for real." Infield injuries forced the Cleveland Indians into desperate maneuvers. Manager Gordon moved heavy-handed Outfielder Harvey Kuenn, a con-



SLASHING HITTERS Dick Groat, Roger Maris pressed the batting leaders. Groat had 12 for 28. Maris two HRs, 11 RBIs.

line player at shortstop, in third base, returned aching Second Baseman Johnny Temple to the bench. In another surprise play, Gordon began pinch-hitting for slumping slugger Woodie Held. The **Detroit Tigers** won three tight ball games which set the ever-optimistic Detroit press and public to dreaming of a pennant.

No dreamer, Manager Dwyer snugged up Cleo Labine to bolster his bullpen, bashed late-haired Al Kaline (.328) after one hit in 26 at bats, no home runs in 22 games. The sagging **Chicago White Sox** leaned heavily on the superb relief pitching of Gerry Staley. The 39-year-old Staley, who has worked in nearly half of Chicago's games, leads the team in victories, leads the league in ERA. Royce Carline Pascual and Pedro Ramos failed, but the **Washington Senators** found a new stalwart—maverick young Dan Dobbel. Bidding for a regular outfield job, Dobbel hit three home runs in consecutive at bats. The **Kansas City Athletics** staved off a July uprising by not trading top pitcher Bud Daley to the Yanks. Next sign, is either appreciation or anger, Daley stopped New York on four hits, an KC beat White Sox for the first time in 14 tries. Unperturbed by the change in managers, Boston Red Sox titan Ted Williams hit his 500th home run, then his 502nd. Fleet Willie Tashy, obtained from the Orioles for Gene Stephens, went 6 for 14, took over the leadoff spot.

Standings: NY 10-11, Balt 10-20, Cleve 10-19, Chi 10-21, Cin 10-20, Wash 10-20, KC 10-19, Bos 11-20.

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

WEDNESDAY LEAGUE					
NY Cosmos	2-0	Atlanta	5-3	Toronto	4-1
Balt. Soccer	0-2	Duluth	0-7	Wolves	5-2
Chi. Peary	2-2	Buff	6-5	Georg	4-2
Dal. Soli	5-0	Indan	0-2	Washington	0-0
Chi. Sting	3-1	Providence	0-3	St. Louis	5-0
Wash. Freedom	2-4	Woodstock	2-0	Yonkers	2-1
DC. Defcy	0-0	W.B.	0-0	Johnston	2-1

A. B. T. K. G. & P. A. D. J.

Put	Law	30-7	Friend	8-3	Age	5-3
ST	James	5-5	McCormack	3-3	Baseball	8-3
Mid	Harvestie	2-7	Bald	9-3	Parents	4-3
SIL	Jackson	5-5	Seaguy	4-2	Seine	4-3
On	Head	8-5	Parkley	3-3	O'Neale	4-3
LA	Polkies	6-5	Williams	5-5	Sherry	5-4
Ons	Hobbs-r	8-7	Evlen	4-2	Shivers-W	3-2
Phid	Kayall	3-1	Shott	3-7	Cooker	3-2

Plasma structure through X-rayed, J. inst. 14

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CATCALLS

Sir:

I was glad to see that takeout on the rats, pegged on Aikane and Rudy Choy by Carleton Mitchell (*The Cete Sparlek* the Corsairs, June 6).

I, for one, hope to see the cats, hand-cuffed on the backs of each other and subscribing to safety rules set up by veterans like Rudy Choy, Woody Brown, et al. sat in a class to Honolulu and under the auspices of Transpac.

CHIP CLEARY

San Jose, Calif.

Sir:

The person who deserves chief credit for making our ideas about catamarans work is Ken Murphy, owner of Aikane. Without his willingness to try some new ideas at the risk of an expensive failure, none of us designers of ocean-going catamarans would be able, at this time, to point to worthwhile achievements in ocean racing.

RUDY CHOY

Costa Mesa, Calif.

Sir:

Can you tell me where I might be able to obtain plans for an 18-, 20- or 24-foot catamaran?

FRED G. HANSON

Ford de Lac, Wis.

● Plans for day-sailing catamarans may be obtained from the Amateur Yacht Research Society, c/o Walter Bloemhard, 143 Glen Street, Glen Cove, N.Y. or from Robert B. Harris, MacLean & Harris, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City. Plans for cruising rats from: Rudy Choy, 2579 Oxford Lane, Costa Mesa, Calif. or Woodbridge P. Brown, Honolulu, Hawaii.—ED.

SPANISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

Sir:

In your story, *The So-fa-sole Kid* (May 23)—how come a guy who was born and raised to speak Spanish can't pronounce a Spanish name? How does your sharp-eared Ray Terrell pronounce San Francisco?

ROBERT McLOCKLIN

New York City

● Texas Terrell calls it Frisco.—ED.

HIGH COST OF HELL-RAISING

Sir:

SHAKE ON SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Walter Bingham for stating that a bumbler like Jack Meyer has outdone Babe Ruth (*The Dillion Gang Rider Again*, June 13). Meyer's recent fine amounted

to 8.6% of his year's salary. When Ruth was fined \$2,000 it represented 9.8% of his year's salary, since in 1928, the year he was assessed this fine, he made \$20,900, not the \$20,000 with which Mr. Bingham credited him.

JOHN MCCORMACK

Dallas

MIDDLEWEIGHT RABBIT?

Sir:

Regarding the Robinson-Pender fight (*The Death of a King*, June 26): the decision was sickening. Pender's "rabbit-punching" tactics alone would have been enough to lose him the fight. In the entire fight Pender didn't land more than seven or eight clean blows and, of these, the

best were only fair; his only effective blows were landed in the clinch to the back of Robinson's neck. Robinson, though not as good as in his prime, was vitally the better fighter.

I think a slight alteration in the name of the title would be apropos. Ray is "middleweight wrestling champion" or maybe just "middleweight rabbit."

BRIAN "T" WOLF

Seaford, Calif.

Sir:

From all those "rabbit punches" I'd say Robinson will be bald in the back of his head.

L. R. TOSTURES

Burbank, Calif.

WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE?

Sir:

With the completion of the Glen Canyon Dam, you say, Rainbow Bridge "is due for a dunking" (*Geographical*, June 6). Having been a half owner of Rainbow Lodge for over 26 years and having kept open and operated the trail to the bridge for much of that time, I want to set you straight on this matter.

At the first filling of the dam, the high-water mark would be at a point some 25 feet below the buttresses of the bridge, but if history repeats itself, as I am sure it will, the upper reaches of Glen Canyon Dam, including all of the side canyons,

will become so drenched up with silt that in normal times the water itself will seldom reach that high.

BARRY GOLDSWATER

U.S. Senator from Arizona

Washington, D.C.

● The dam's opponents contend that the beauty of the canyon beneath the natural bridge "will be spoiled by the white zone that is left when the high water of a reservoir in this area recedes. Once the water in the reservoir goes up and recedes, the stain is there forever."—ED.



RAINBOW BRIDGE SPANS 350 FEET ABOVE AREA WHICH GLEN CANYON DAM WILL FLOOD

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Pat on the Back



MADELINE MIYAMOTO

'Think'

HOW DOES a 16-year-old girl become so fascinated with fencing that she bullies her mother into finding her a coach? With Madeline Miyamoto, an Angelino of Japanese ancestry, it was by watching Douglas Fairbanks Jr. cut and slash his way through a television rerun of one of his old movies. Today, eight years after watching that memorable late movie, Madeline is one of the outstanding fencers in the U.S. A freshman at New Jersey's Fairleigh Dickinson University, Madeline swept through 51 bouts in dual meet competition without a loss this season,

took the women's Intercollegiate Fencing Association individual championship. Madeline is a diminutive girl and has the natural advantage of being left-handed.

For Madeline fencing is something of an intellectual exercise. "It is rather like chess," she explains. "You have to think out your strategy, anticipate your opponent's reaction and develop effective countermeasures, all in advance." Madeline will have a chance to win a trip to the Rome Olympics by placing among the first five women in the national championships in New York City next week.

SHERIFF NABS NOTORIOUS TANK ROBBER



"Sheriff," the deputy cried, "We lose more bandits this way. Either your big car runs out of gas, or it's too wide for the pass. Let's change."



So they slipped through the pass and cornered the bandits. "Reckon Rambler is easiest to handle in tight spots," said the deputy. "Never rolls thanks to Single-Unit® construction."



Suddenly they were surrounded by an Indian "flaw," said he, "about our foreign-type U. S. car!" "We'd flatten our 20-gallon hats with their pin-size doors," said the deputy.



Away they went—sheriff, deputy and four 6-foot bandits—with bathroom, locker room, bootroom for all. "Rambler's Texas-size," said the deputy.



Then, in a cloud of dust, with the speed of light, came a lone Rambler, with big car room and comfort, small car economy and handling ease. "Rescued!" said the deputy.



And in no time at all, the sheriff won the West in his 1960 Rambler—saved hundreds of dollars on price, gas, resale value. You can do likewise at your Rambler dealer's.

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Backed by 10 years and 25 billion owner-driven miles.

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